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THE

JEALOUS WIFE:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Servatâ semper LEGE et RATIONE. — JUV.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. NEWBERRY, in St. Paul's Church-Yard ;
T. BECKET, and Company, in the Strand ;
T. DAVIES, in Ruffel-Street, Covent-Garden ;
W. JACKSON, in Oxford ; and A. KINCAID,
and Company, in Edinburgh. MDCCLXI.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The EARL of BATH.

MY LORD,

AFTER having written a Play entirely without your Knowledge ; and after having frankly confessed, that I only concealed my Design, because I doubted of its meeting with your Approbation : Excuse me, if I attempt to vindicate one Act of Presumption by another ; and now the Piece is come abroad into the World, give me leave to hope that You will take it under your Protection.

When I address myself to You on so publick an Occasion, they, who know how much I owe to You, will undoubtedly expect that I shall not let slip so fair an Opportunity of expressing my Gratitude. They will naturally imagine, that the Countenance You have ever shewn me, the Kindness and Indulgence with which you have treated me, and your continued Acts of Benevolence and Generosity to me, will not be forgot ; but that I shall dwell with Pleasure on a Subject, whereon I have nothing to say but what comes immediately from my Heart.

DEDICATION.

The World, however, is deceived. Your eminent Qualities are too well known, for me to expatiate on them : And as to your particular Goodness to me, That, I fear, becomes too inconsiderable for general Notice from the Object on which it has been exerted. I should chuse, therefore, rather to fall into another Vein : To shew that Scholars and Writers have a Title to your Patronage ; and to prove, that You, of all Persons in the great World, are the very Man, with whom it is most likely that an Adventurer in Letters should make free.

Let us only review your Life and Conversation, the Company You have always kept, and the Methods by which You have signalized Yourself in this Kingdom ! Were not your earliest Connections formed with an Attention to Literature ? Were not your intimate Acquaintance the most eminent Men of their Time, remarkable not only for worldly Talents, and what are called solid Understandings, but distinguished by that Brilliancy and Vivacity, peculiar to the Lovers of the *Belles Lettres* ? Did not You even condescend to associate with the professed Wits of the Age ? It is well known, that You have passed many a social Evening with *Steele* and *Addison* ; You have joined in the rich Humour of *Arbutnot* ; You have read the Comedies of *Congreve*, (my Brother-Student of the Law) in Manuscript ; You have corresponded with *Pope* and *Swift* ; and *Gay* lived and wrote in your House.

How You spent your Time in this dangerous Company, it is too easy to conceive. The

Turn

D E D I C A T I O N.

Turn and Spirit of your Compositions, notwithstanding your Endeavours to be concealed, soon betrayed You for their Author. Deep in the Mysteries of Politicks, and acquainted with the Revolution of every Wheel of Government, You rendered your other Talents subservient to these greater Purposes. You have been frequently known to season the Severity of Debate, by a strong Leaven of Pleasantry and Humour: Nay more, if I may believe what I have heard, You have not been contented merely with displaying your Eloquence in Parliament, but have exercised your other Talents, for the same End, in Concert with other wicked Wits, without Doors.

This, my Lord, is the Character, which I am told, You have always borne in the World; and I must confess, that, in my Opinion, You are not in the least altered. Notwithstanding You are so much farther advanced in Life, You have as much Wit, and, for ought I see, as great a Love for Wit, and Tendency to be witty, as ever. If a Pamphlet appears, whose Solidity of Argument, and Strength of Style, gives an Alarm to the Publick, it is immediately attributed to the Earl of *Bath*. If a little *Jeu d'Esprit*, or a *Bon Mot*, goes about the Town, ten to one but it is said to be the Earl of *Bath's*. I perhaps am questioned about it. I know nothing of the Matter: But from what I see of the Earl of *Bath*, I am always apt to think, that, if the Work is masterly, Nobody is more equal to the Execution of it; or, if the Wit is excellent, Nobody

DEDICATION.

is so likely to have thrown it out in such a careless Manner, as to have forgot, almost immediately, what they who heard it, always must remember.

Filled with this Idea of your Character, how can I bring myself to make a formal Apology for the present Undertaking? I do not find that your Wit has ever done You any Harm: That mine, if I had any, should, like Yours, be made conducive to greater Ends, might, I fear, rather be wished than expected: And yet, whether "I shall leave a Calling for this idle Trade," is a Point, which, I hope, the World will not too hastily decide, but candidly leave to Time alone to determine. If I am to blame in what I have done, You have been in Part the innocent Occasion of it, and must give me Leave to quote You as a fresh Instance of the dangerous Quality of Wit, and in the Spirit of *Shakespear's Dogberry*, to desire You "to correct Yourself for the Example of others."

I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most obliged,

And grateful humble Servant,

Lincoln's-Inn,
Feb. 18, 1761.

GEORGE COLMAN.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. **LLOYD**.

Spoken by Mr. **GARRICK**.

TH E *Jealous Wife ! A Comedy ! Poor Man !*
A charming Subject ! But a wretched Plan.

*His skittish Wit, o'erleaping the due Bound,
Commits flat Trespas upon Tragick Ground.
Quarrels, Upbraidings, Jealousies, and Spleen,
Grow too familiar in the Comick Scene.
Tinge but the Language with Heroick Chime,
'Tis Passion, Pathos, Character, Sublime !
What round big Words had swell'd the pompous Scene,
A King the Husband, and the Wife a Queen !
Then might Distraction rend her graceful Hair,
See sightless Forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawcanfir Death had rag'd without Controul,
Here the drawn Dagger, there the poison'd Bowl.
What Eyes had stream'd at all the whining Woe !
What Hands had thunder'd at each Hah ! and Oh !*

*But Peace ! The gentle Prologue Custom sends,
Like Drum and Serjeant, to beat up for Friends.
At Vice and Folly, each a lawful Game,
Our Author flies, but with no partial Aim.
He read the Manners, open as they lie
In Nature's Volume to the general Eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store.—
He does but what his Betters did before.*

*Shakespeare has done it, and the Grecian Stage
Caught Truth of Character from Homer's Page.*

*If in his Scenes an honest Skill is shewn,
And borrowing little, much appears his own ;*

P R O L O G U E.

*If what a Master's happy Pencil drew
He brings more forward in Dramatick View ;
To your Decision He submits his Cause,
Secure of Candour, anxious for Applause.*

*But if, all rude, his artless Scenes deface
The simple Beauties which He meant to grace,
If, an Invader upon others Land,
He spoil and plunder with a Robber's Hand,
Do Justice on Him !——As on Fools before,
And give to Blockheads past one Blockhead more.*



ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Use that has been made in this Comedy of *Fielding's* admirable Novel of *Tom Jones*, must be obvious to the most ordinary Reader. Some Hints have also been taken from the Account of Mr. and Mrs. *Freeman*, in N°. 212, and N°. 216, of the *Spectator*; and the short Scene of *Charles's* Intoxication, at the End of the Third Act, is partly an Imitation of the Behaviour of *Syrus*, much in the same Circumstances, in the *Adelphi* of *Terence*. There are also some Traces of the Character of the Jealous Wife, in one of the latter Papers of the *Connoisseur*.

It would be unjust, indeed, to omit mentioning my Obligations to Mr. *Garrick*. To his Inspection the Comedy was submitted in its first rude State; and to my Care and Attention to follow his Advice in many Particulars, relating both to the Fable and Characters, I know that I am much indebted for the Reception which this Piece has met with from the Publick.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Oakly,</i>	Mr. GARRICK.
Major <i>Oakly,</i>	Mr. YATES.
<i>Charles,</i>	Mr. PALMER.
<i>Russet,</i>	Mr. BURTON.
<i>Sir Harry Beagle,</i>	Mr. KING.
<i>Lord Trinket,</i>	Mr. OBRIEN.
<i>Captain 'O Cutter,</i>	Mr. MOODY.
<i>Paris,</i>	Mr. BLAKES.
<i>William,</i>	Mr. ACKMAN.
<i>John,</i>	Mr. CASTLE.
<i>Tom,</i>	Mr. CLOUGH.
Servant to <i>Lady Freelove,</i>	Mr. FOX.
<i>Mrs. Oakly,</i>	Mrs. PRITCHARD.
<i>Lady Freelove,</i>	Mrs. CLIVE.
<i>Harriot,</i>	Miss PRITCHARD.
<i>Toilet,</i>	Mrs. JOHNSTON.
<i>Chambermaid,</i>	Mrs. SIMPSON.



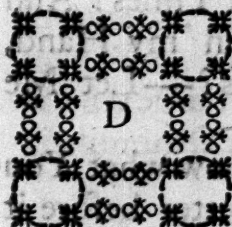
JEALOUS WIFE.



A C T I.

SCENE, *A Room in Oakly's House. Noise heard within.*

Mrs. Oakly, within.



DON'T tell Me—I know it is so—
It's monstrous, and I will not bear
it.

Oak. within. But, my Dear! —

Mrs. Oak. Nay, nay, &c.

[Squabbling within.

Enter Mrs. Oakly, with a Letter, Oakly following.

Mrs. Oak. Say what You will, Mr. Oakly, You shall never persuade Me, but this is some filthy Intrigue of Yours.

Oak. I can assure You, my Love! —

B

Oak.

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Mrs. Oak. Your Love!—Don't I know your—
Tell Me, I say, this Instant, every Circumstance
relating to this Letter.

Oak. How can I tell You, when You will not so
much as let Me see it?

Mrs. Oak. Look you, Mr. Oakly, this Usage is
not to be borne. You take a Pleasure in abusing
my Tendernefs and soft Disposition.—To be per-
petually running over the whole Town, nay, the
whole Kingdom too, in pursuit of your Amours!
—Did not I discover that You was great with Ma-
demoiselle, my own Woman?—Did not You con-
tract a shameful Familiarity with Mrs. Freeman?—
Did not I detect your Intrigue with Lady Wealthy?
—Was not You——

Oak. Oons! Madam, the Grand Turk himself
has not half so many Mistresses—You throw Me
out of all Patience—Do I know any body but our
common Friends?—Am I visited by any body,
that does not visit You?—Do I ever go out, unless
You go with me?—And am I not as constantly
by your Side, as if I was tied to your Apron
Strings?

Mrs. Oak. Go, go, You are a false Man——
Have not I found You out a thousand Times? And
have I not this Moment a Letter in my Hand,
which convinces Me of your Baseness?—Let Me
know the whole Affair, or I will——

Oak. Let You know?—Let Me know what You
would have of me—You stop my Letter before it
comes to my Hands, and then expect that I shou'd
know the Contents of it.

Mrs. Oak. Heaven be praised! I stopt it.—I
suspected some of these Doings for some Time past
——But the Letter informs Me who She is, and I'll
be revenged on Her sufficiently. Oh, You base
Man, you!——

Oak.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 3

Oak. I beg, my Dear, that You would moderate your Passion!—Shew Me the Letter, and I'll convince You of my Innocence.

Mrs. Oak. Innocence!—Abominable!—Innocence!—But I am not to be made such a Fool—I am convinced of your Perfidy, and very sure that——

Oak. 'Sdeath and Fire! your Passion hurries You out of your Senses.—Will You hear Me?

Mrs. Oak. No, You are a base Man; and I will not hear You.

Oak. Why then, my Dear, since you will neither talk reasonably Yourself, nor listen to Reason from Me, I shall take my Leave till you are in a better Humour. So, your Servant——[Going.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, go, you cruel Man!—Go to your Mistresses, and leave your poor Wife to her Miseries.—How unfortunate a Woman am I!—I could die with Vexation.—

[Throwing herself into a Chair.

Oak. There it is—Now dare not I stir a Step further—If I offer to go, She is in one of her Fits in an Instant—Never sure was Woman at once of so violent and so delicate a Constitution!—What shall I say to sooth Her?—Nay, never make Thyself so uneasy, my Dear—Come, come, you know I love You. Nay, nay, You shall be convinced.

Mrs. Oak. I know You hate Me; and that your Unkindness and Barbarity will be the Death of Me, [Whining.

Oak. Do not vex Yourself at this Rate—I love You most passionately—Indeed I do—This must be some Mistake.

Mrs. Oak. O, I am an unhappy Woman!

[Weeping.

Oak. Dry up thy Tears, my Love, and be comforted!—You will find that I am not to blame

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in this Matter—Come, let Me see this Letter, —
Nay, you shall not deny Me. [*Taking the Letter.*]

Mrs. Oak. There! take it, you know the Hand,
I am sure.

Oak. To Charles Oakly, Esq. [*Reading*]—Hand!
'Tis a Clerk-like Hand, indeed! A good round
Text! And was certainly never penned by a fair
Lady.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, laugh at Me, do!

Oak. Forgive Me, my Love, I did not mean to
laugh at Thee — But what says the Letter?

[*Reading.*]—~~Daughter eloped—You must be privy~~
~~to it—Scandalous—Dishonourable—Satisfaction—Re-~~
~~venge—um, um, um—Injured Father.~~

Henry Ruffet,

Mrs. Oak. [*Rising.*] Well, Sir—You see I have
detected You—Tell Me this Instant where She is
concealed.

Oak. So—so—so— This hurts Me—I'm
shocked. [*To himself.*]

Mrs. Oak. What are You confounded with your
Guilt? Have I caught You at last?

Oak. O that wicked Charles! To decoy a young
Lady from her Parents in the Country! The Pro-
fligacy of the young Fellows of this Age is abo-
minable. [*To himself.*]

Mrs. Oak. [*Half aside and musing.*] Charles!— Let
me see!—Charles!—No!—Impossible.—This is
all Trick.

Oak. He has certainly ruined this poor Lady.
[*To himself.*]

Mrs. Oak. Art! Art! all Art!—There's a sud-
den Turn now!—You have a ready Wit for In-
trigue, I find.

Oak. Such an abandoned Action!—I wish I had
never had the Care of him. [*To himself.*]

Mrs.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 5

Mrs. Oak. Mighty fine, Mr. Oakly!—Go on, Sir, go on!—I see what You mean.—Your Assurance provokes me beyond your very Falshood itself.—So you imagine, Sir, that this affected Concern, this flimsy Pretence about *Charles*, is to bring You off.—Matchless Confidence!—But I am armed against every Thing. I am prepared for all your dark Schemes: I am aware of all your low Stratagems.

Oak. See there now! Was ever any thing so provoking? To persevere in your ridiculous—For Heaven's sake, my Dear, don't distract Me. When You see my Mind thus agitated and uneasy, that a young Fellow, whom his dying Father, my own Brother, committed to my Care, should be guilty of such enormous Wickedness; I say, when You are witness of my Distress on this Occasion, how can You be weak enough, and cruel enough to —

Mrs. Oak. Prodigiously well, Sir! You do it very well.—Nay, keep it up, carry it on, there's nothing like going through with it.—O you artful Creature! But, Sir, I am not to be so easily satisfied.—I do not believe a Syllable of all this.—Give me the Letter — [*Snatching the Letter.*]—You shall sorely repent this vile Business, for I am resolved that I will know the Bottom of it. [*Exit.*]

Oakly, *solus.*

Oak. This is beyond all Patience.—Provoking Woman!—Her absurd Suspicions interpret every Thing the wrong Way. She delights to make Me wretched, because She sees I am attached to Her, and converts my Tenderness and Affection into the Instruments of my own Torture.—But this ungracious Boy!—In how many Troubles will He involve his

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his own and this Lady's Family!—I never imagined that He was of such abandoned Principles.—O, here he comes!

Enter Major Oakly, and Charles.

Char. Good-morrow, Sir!

Maj. Good-morrow, Brother, good-morrow! —What! You have been at the old Work, I find. I heard you—ding! dong! i'faith!—She has rung a noble Peal in your Ears.—But how now? Why sure You've had a remarkable warm Bout on't.—You seem more ruffled than usual.

Oak. I am indeed, Brother! —Thanks to that young Gentleman there.—Have a Care, *Charles*! You may be called to a severe Account for this.—The Honour of a Family, Sir, is no such light Matter.

Char. Sir!

Maj. Hey-day! What has a Curtain-Lecture produced a Lecture of Morality? What is all this?

Oak. To a profligate Mind, perhaps these Things may appear agreeable in the Beginning.—But don't You tremble at the Consequences?

Char. I see, Sir, that You are displeased with Me, but I am quite at a Loss how to guess at the Occasion.

Oak. Tell Me, Sir!—Where is Miss *Harriot Russet*?

Char. Miss *Harriot Russet*! Sir,—Explain.

Oak. Have not You decoyed Her from her Father?

Char. I!—Decoyed Her!—Decoyed my *Harriot*! —I wou'd sooner die than do Her the least Injury.—What can this mean?

Maj. I believe the young Dog has been at Her after all.

Oak.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 7

Oak. I was in Hopes, *Charles*, You had better Principles. But there's a Letter just come from her Father——

Char. A Letter!—What Letter? Dear Sir, give it me.—Some Intelligence of my *Harriot*, *Major*!——The Letter, Sir, the Letter this Moment, for Heaven's Sake!

Oak. If this Warmth, *Charles*, tends to prove your Innocence——

Char. Dear Sir, excuse Me,——I'll prove any Thing.——Let Me but see this Letter, and I'll——

Oak. Let You see it?—I cou'd hardly get a Sight of it Myself,—Mrs. *Oakly* has it.——

Char. Has She got it?—*Major*, I'll be with you again directly. [Exit hastily.

Maj. Hey-day! The Devil's in the Boy! What a fiery Set of People! By my Troth, I think the whole Family is made up of nothing but Combustibles.

Oak. I like his Emotion. It looks well. It may serve too to convince my Wife of the Folly of her Suspicions. Would to Heaven I cou'd quiet them for ever!

Maj. Why pray now, my dear naughty Brother, what heinous Offence have you committed this Morning? What new Cause of Suspicion?——You have been asking one of the Maids to mend your Ruffle, I suppose, or have been hanging your Head out of Window, when a pretty young Woman has past by, or——

Oak. How can you trifle with my Distresses? *Major*!—Did not I tell you it was about a Letter?

Maj. A Letter!—Hum—A suspicious Circumstance to be sure!—What, and the Seal a True-Lover's Knot now, hey! or an Heart transfixt with

8 The JEALOUS WIFE.

with Darts ; or possibly the Wax bore the industrious Impression of a Thimble ; or, perhaps, the Folds were lovingly connected by a Wafer, prickt with a Pin, and the Direction written in a vile Scrawl, and not a Word spelt as it shou'd be ; ha ! ha ! ha !

Oak. Pooh ! Brother——Whatever it was, the Letter you find, was for *Charles*, not for Me——This outrageous Jealousy is the Devil.

Maj. Mere matrimonial Blessings and domestick Comfort, Brother ! Jealousy is a certain sign of Love.

Oak. Love ! it is this very Love that has made us both so miserable——Her Love for Me has confined Me to my House, like a State Prisoner, without the Liberty of seeing my Friends, or the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper ; while my Love for Her has made such a Fool of me, that I have never had the Spirit to contradict Her.

Maj. Ay, ay, there you've hit it ; Mrs. *Oakly* wou'd make an excellent Wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oak. You are a rare Fellow, indeed, to talk of managing a Wife——A debauch'd Batchelor——A rattle-brain'd, rioting, Fellow——who have pick'd up your Common-place Notions of Women in Bagnios, Taverns, and the Camp ; whose most refined Commerce with the Sex, has been in order to delude Country Girls at your Quarters, or to besiege the Virtue of Abigails, Milliners or Mantuamaker's Prentices.

Maj. So much the better !——So much the better ! Women are all alike in the main, Brother, high or low, married or single, Quality or no Quality. I have found them so, from a Duchess down to a Milkmaid.

Oak.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 9

Oak. Your savage Notions are ridiculous—
What do You know of a Husband's Feelings?—
You, who comprise all your Qualities in your
Honour, as You call it!—Dead to all Sentiments of
Delicacy, and incapable of any but the grossest
Attachments to Women.—This is Your boasted
Refinement, Your thorough Knowledge of the
World! While, with regard to Women, one poor
Train of Thinking, one narrow Set of Ideas, like
the Uniform of the Regiment, serves the whole
Corps.

Maj. Very fine, Brother!—There's Common-
Place for You with a Vengeance. Henceforth, expect
no Quarter from Me.—I tell You again and again,
I know the Sex better than You do. They all
love to give themselves Airs, and to have Power :
—Every Woman is a Tyrant at the Bottom. But
They cou'd never make a Fool of Me.—No, no !
No Woman shou'd ever domineer over Me, let Her
be Mistress or Wife.—

Oak. Single Men can be no Judges in these Cases
—They must happen in all Families—But when
Things are driven to Extremities—To see a
Woman in Uneasiness—A Woman one loves
too—One's Wife—Who can withstand it?
—You neither speak nor think like a Man that
has lov'd, and been married, *Major!*

Maj. I wish I cou'd hear a married Man speak
my Language—I'm a Batchelor, its true ; but
I am no bad Judge of your Case for all that.
I know Yours and Mrs. *Oakly's* Disposition to
an Hair. She is all Impetuosity and Fire.—
A very Magazine of Touchwood and Gunpowder.
—You are hot enough too upon Occasion, but
then it's over in an Instant. In comes Love and
conjugal Affection, as You call it ;—That is, mere
Folly and Weakness—And You draw off your
C Forces,

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Forces, just when You shou'd persue the Attack, and follow your Advantage. Have at Her with Spirit, and the Day's your own, Brother!

Oak. I tell You, Brother, You mistake the Matter. Sulkiness, Fits, Tears!—These, and such as these, are the Things which make a feeling Man uneasy. Her Passion and Violence have not half such an Effect on me.

Maj. Why, then, You may be sure, she'll play that upon You, which she finds does most Execution. But You must be Proof against every Thing. If She's furious, set Passion against Passion; if You find Her at her Tricks, play off Art against Art, and foil Her at her own Weapons. That's your Game, Brother!

Oak. Why, what wou'd You have Me do?

Maj. Do, as You please, for one Month, whether She likes it or not; and I'll answer for it, She will consent You shall do as You please all her Life after.

Oak. This is fine Talking——You do not consider the Difficulty that——

Maj. You must overcome all Difficulties. Assert your Right boldly, Man! Give your own Orders to Servants, and see they observe them; read your own Letters, and never let Her have a Sight of them; make your own Appointments, and never be persuaded to break them; see what Company You like; go out when You please; return when You please, and don't suffer Yourself to be call'd to account where you have been. In short, do but shew Yourself a Man of Spirit, leave off Whining about Love and Tenderness, and Nonsense, and the Business is done, Brother!

Oak. I believe You're in the Right, *Major*——I see You're in the Right. I'll do't, I'll certainly do't.——But then it hurts Me to the Soul, to
think

The JEALOUS WIFE. 11

think what Uneasiness I shall give Her. The first Opening of My Design will throw Her into Fits, and the Pursuit of it, perhaps, may be fatal.

Maj. Fits! Ha! ha! ha!—Fits!—I'll engage to cure Her of her Fits. No-body understands Hysterical Cases better than I do: Besides, my Sister's Symtoms are not very dangerous—Did You ever hear of Her falling into a Fit, when You was not by?—Was She ever found in Convulsions in her Closet?—No, no, these Fits, the more Care You take of them, the more You will increase the Distemper: Let them alone, and they will wear themselves out, I warrant you.

Oak. True—Very true—You're certainly in the Right—I'll follow Your Advice. Where do You dine To-day? I'll order the Coach, and go with You.

Maj. O brave! Keep up this Spirit, and You're made for ever.

Oak. You shall see now, *Major!* Who's there?
—[*Enter Servant.*] Order the Coach directly
—I shall dine out To-day.

Serv. The Coach, Sir!—Now? Sir!

Oak. Ay, now, immediately.

Serv. Now? Sir!—The—the—Coach! Sir!
—That is—My Mistrefs—

Oak. Sirrah! Do as You're bid — Bid them put to this Instant.

Serv. Ye—yes, Sir—Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Oak. Well, where shall we dine?

Maj. At the *St. Alban's*, or where You will—
This is excellent, if you do but hold it.

Oak. I will have my own Way, I am determined—

Maj. That's right.

Oak. I am Steel—

Maj. Bravo!

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Oak. Adamant——

Maj. Bravissimo!

Oak. Just what you'd have Me.

Maj. Why, that's well said. But will You do it?

Oak. I will. I'll be a Fool to Her no longer.——But hark-ye, *Major*! my Hat and Sword lie in my Study——I'll go and steal them out, while She is busy talking with *Charles*.

Maj. Steal them! For Shame! Prithee take them boldly, call for them, make them bring them to you here, and go out with Spirit, in the Face of of your whole Family.

Oak. No, no——You are wrong——Let Her rave after I am gone, and when I return, You know, I shall exert Myself with more Propriety, after this open Affront to her Authority.

Maj. Well, take your own Way.

Oak. Ay, ay——Let Me manage it, let Me manage it. [Exit.

Major Oakly, solus.

Maj. Manage it!——Ay, to be sure, You're a rare Manager!——It is dangerous, they say, to meddle between Man and Wife.——I am no great Favourite of Mrs. *Oakly's* already; and in a Week's Time I expect to have the Door shut in my Teeth.

Enter Charles.

How now, *Charles*, what News?

Char. Ruined and undone!——She's gone, Uncle!——My *Harriot's* lost for ever.

Maj. Gone off with a Man?——I thought so: They are all alike.

Char.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 13

Char. O no! — Fled to avoid that hateful Match with Sir *Harry Beagle*.

Maj. Faith, a Girl of Spirit! — Joy! *Charles*, I give You Joy; She is your own, my Boy! — A Fool and a great Estate! Devilish strong Temptations!

Char. A Wretch! I was sure She wou'd never think of Him.

Maj. No! to-be-sure! — Commend me to your Modesty! — Refuse Five Thousand a Year, and a Baronet, for pretty Mr. *Charles Oakly*! — It is true indeed, that the Looby has not a single Idea in his Head, besides a Hound, a Hunter, a five-barred Gate, and an Horse-Race: But then He's rich, and that will qualify his Absurdities. Money is a wonderful Improver of the Understanding. — But whence comes all this Intelligence?

Char. In an angry Letter from Her Father. — How miserable I am! If I had not offended my *Harriot*, much offended Her by that foolish Riot and Drinking at your House in the Country, She wou'd certainly at such a Time have taken Refuge in my Arms.

Maj. A very agreeable Refuge for a young Lady to be sure, and extremely decent!

Char. I am all Uneasiness. Did not She tell Me, that She trembled at the Thoughts of having trusted her Affections with a Man of such a wild Disposition? — What a Heap of Extravagancies was I guilty of!

Maj. Extravagancies with a Witness! Ah, you silly young Dog, You wou'd ruin Yourself with her Father, in Spite of all I cou'd do. There You sat, as drunk as a Lord, telling the old Gentleman the whole Affair, and swearing You wou'd drive Sir *Harry Beagle* out of the Country, though I kept winking and nodding, pulling You by the Sleeve,

14 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Sleeve, and kicking your Shins under the Table, in Hopes of stopping You, but all to no Purpose.

Char. What Distress may She be in at this Instant? Alone and defenceless! — Where? Where can She be?

Maj. What Relations or Friends has She in Town?

Char. Relations! Let me see. — Faith! I have it. — If She is in Town, ten to one but She is at her Aunt's, Lady *Freelove's*. I'll go thither immediately.

Maj. Lady *Freelove's*! Hold, hold, *Charles*! — Do you know her Ladyship?

Char. Not much; but I'll break through all Forms, to get to my *Harriot*.

Maj. I do know her Ladyship.

Char. Well, and what do you know of Her?

Maj. O nothing! — Her Ladyship is a Woman of the World, that's all — She'll introduce *Harriot* to the best Company. —

Char. What do You mean?

Maj. Yes, yes, I wou'd trust a Wife, or a Daughter, or a Mistress with Lady *Freelove*, to be sure! — I tell you what, *Charles*! You're a good Boy, but You don't know the World. Women are fifty Times oftener ruined by their Acquaintance with each other, than by their Attachment to Men. One thorough-paced Lady will train up a thousand Novices. That Lady *Freelove* is an arrant — By the Bye, did not She, last Summer, make formal Proposals to *Harriot's* Father from Lord *Trinket*?

Char. Yes! but they were received with the utmost Contempt. The old Gentleman, it seems, hates a Lord, and He told Her so in plain Terms.

Maj.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 15

Maj. Such an Aversion to the Nobility may not run in the Blood. The Girl, I warrant you, has no Objection. However, if She's there, watch Her narrowly, *Charles!* Lady *Freelove* is as mischievous as a Monkey, and as cunning too.—Have a Care of Her. I say, have a Care of Her!

Char. If She's there, I'll have Her out of the House within this half Hour, or set Fire to it.

Maj. Nay, now You are too violent.—Stay a Moment, and We'll consider what is best to be done.

Re-enter Oakly.

Oak. Come, is the Coach ready? Let Us be gone. Does *Charles* go with Us?

Char. I go with You!—What can I do? I am so vext and distracted, and so many Thoughts croud in upon Me, I don't know which way to turn myself.

Mrs. Oak. within. The Coach!—Dines out! —Where is your Master?

Maj. Zouns! Brother, here She is!

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. Oak. Pray, Mr. *Oakly*, what is the Matter you cannot dine at Home To-day?

Oak. Don't be uneasy, my Dear!—I have a little Business to settle with my Brother; so I am only just going to Dinner with him and *Charles* to the Tavern.

Mrs. Oak. Why cannot you settle your Business here as well as at a Tavern? But it is some of your Ladies Business, I suppose, and so You must get rid of my Company—This is chiefly your Fault, Major *Oakly!*

Maj.

16 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Maj. Lord! Sister, what signifies it, whether a Man dines at home or abroad? [*Cooly.*]

Mrs. Oak. It signifies a great deal, Sir! And I don't chuse——

Maj. Poo! Let Him go! My dear Sister, let Him go! He will be ten-times better Company when He comes back. I tell You what, Sister!——You sit at home till You are quite tired of one another, and then You grow cross, and fall out. If You wou'd but part a little now and then, You might meet again in good Humour.

Mrs. Oak. I beg, Major *Oakly*, that You wou'd trouble Yourself about your own Affairs; and let let Me tell You, Sir, that I——

Oak. Nay, do not put Thyself into a Passion with the *Major*, my Dear!——It is not His Fault; and I shall come back to Thee very soon.

Mrs. Oak. Come back?——Why need You go out?——I know well enough when You mean to deceive me: For then there is always a Pretence of dining with Sir *John*, or my Lord, or Somebody; but when You tell Me, that You are going to a Tavern, it's such a barefac'd Affront——

Oak. This is so strange now!——Why, my Dear, I shall only just——

Mrs. Oak. Only just go after the Lady in the Letter, I suppose.

Oak. Well, well, I won't go then——Will that convince You?——I'll stay with You, my Dear!——Will that satisfy You?

Maj. For Shame! Hold out, if You are a Man.

Oak. She has been so much vexed this Morning already, I must humour Her a little now.

Maj. Fie! fie! Go out, or you're undone.

Oak. You see its impossible——

Aside.
between
Oakly
and the
Major.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 17

[To Mrs. Oakly.] I'll dine at home with Thee, my Love!

Mrs. Oak. Ay, ay, pray do, Sir!—Dine at a Tavern indeed! [Going.]

Oak. [Returning.] You may depend on Me another Time, Major!

Maj. Steel and Adamant!—Ah!

Mrs. Oak. [Returning.] Mr. Oakly!

Oak. O my Dear! [Exeunt.]

Manent Major Oakly, and Charles.

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! ha! There's the Picture of Resolution. There goes a Philosopher for you! Ha! Charles!

Char. O Uncle! I have no Spirits to laugh now.

Maj. So! I have a fine Time on't, between You and my Brother. Will you meet me to-dinner at the *St. Alban's* by Four? We'll drink her Health, and think of this Affair.

Char. Don't depend on Me. I shall be running all over the Town in Pursuit of my Harriot. I have been considering what You have said, but at all Events I'll go directly to Lady Freeloze's. If I find Her not there, which Way I shall direct myself, Heaven knows.

Maj. Hark'ye, Charles! If You meet with Her, You may be at a Loss. Bring Her to my House. I have a snug Room, and—

Char. Phoo! prithee, Uncle, don't trifle with Me now.

Maj. Well, seriously then, my House is at your Service.

Char. I thank You: But I must be gone.

Maj. Ay, ay, bring Her to my House, and We'll settle the whole Affair for You. You shall

D

clap

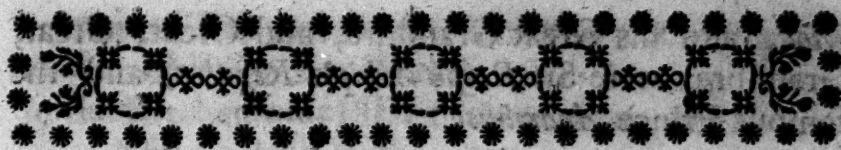
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clap Her into a Post-Chaise, take the Chaplain of our Regiment along with You, wheel Her down to *Scotland*, and when You come back, send to settle her Fortune with her Father: That's the modern Art of making Love, *Charles!* [*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.



ACT



A C T II.

SCENE *a Room in the Bull and Gate Inn.*

Enter Sir Harry Beagle and Tom.

Sir Harry.

TEN Guineas a Mare, and a Crown the Man? Hey, *Tom!*

Tom. Yes, Sir!

Sir H. And are You sure, *Tom*, that there is no Flaw in his Blood?

Tom. He's as good a Thing, Sir, and as little beholden to the Ground, as ever went over the Turf upon four Legs. Why, here's his whole Pedigree, your Honour!

Sir H. Is it attested?

Tom. Very well attested: It is signed by *Jack Spur*, and my Lord *Startall*. [*Giving the Pedigree.*

Sir H. Let me see—— [*Reading.*] *Tom* come tickle me, was got out of the famous *Tantwivy* Mare, by *Sir Aaron Driver's* Chesnut Horse *White Stockings*. *White Stockings* his Dam, was by *Lord Hedge's* *Sauth-Barb*, full Sister to the *Proserpine Filley*, and his Sire *Tom Jones*; His Grandam was the *Irish Duchess*, and his Grandfire 'Squire *Sportly's* *Trajan*; His Great Grandam, and Great, Great, Grandam, were *Newmarket Peggy* and *Black*

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Moll, and his Great Grandfire, and Great, Great, Grandfire, were Sir *Ralph Whip's* *Regulus*, and the famous Prince *Anamaboo*.

his

John + Spur,
Mark.

Startall.

Tom. All fine Horses, and won every Thing! A Foal out of your Honour's *Bald-faced Venus*, by this Horse, would beat the World.

Sir H. Well then, we'll think on't.——But pox on't, *Tom*, I have certainly knocked up my little roan Gelding, in this damned wild-goose Chace of threescore Miles an end.

Tom. He's deadly blown to be sure, your Honour; and I am afraid we are upon a wrong Scent after all. *Madam Harriot* certainly took a-cross the Country, instead of coming on to *London*.

Sir H. No, no, We traced her all the way up——But d'ye hear, *Tom*, look out among the Stables and Repositories here in Town, for a smart road Nag, and a strong Horse to carry a Port-mantua.

Tom. Sir *Roger Turf's* Horses are to be sold—I'll see if there's ever a tight Thing there——But I suppose, Sir, You wou'd have one somewhat stronger than *Snip*——I don't think he is quite enough of a Horse for your Honour.

Sir H. Not enough of a Horse! *Snip's* a powerful Gelding, Master of two Stone more than my Weight. If *Snip* stands sound, I wou'd not take a hundred Guineas for him. Poor *Snip*! Go into the Stable, *Tom*——See they give him a warm Mash, and look at his Heels and his Eyes.——But where's Mr. *Russet* all this while?

Tom.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 21

Tom. I left the Squire at Breakfast on a cold Pigeon-Pye, and enquiring after Madam *Harriot* in the Kitchen——I'll let him know your Honour wou'd be glad to see him here.

Sir H. Ay, do: But hark'ye *Tom*, be sure you take Care of *Snip*.

Tom. I'll warrant your Honour.

Sir H. I'll be down in the Stables Myself by and by. *Exit Tom.*

Sir Harry, Solus.

Let me see——Out of the famous *Tantiwiry* by *White Stockings*: *White Stockings* his Dam, full Sister to the *Proserpine Filly*, and his Sire——Pox on't, how unlucky it is, that this damn'd Accident shou'd happen in the *New-market Week*!——Ten to one I lose my Match with Lord *Chackjade*, by not riding myself, and I shall have no Opportunity to hedge my Bets neither——What a damned Piece of Work have I made on't!——I have knocked up poor *Snip*, shall lose my Match, and as to *Harriot*, why, the Odds are that I lose my Match there too——A skittish young Tit! If I once get Her tight in hand, I'll make Her wince for it.——Her Estate joined to my own, I wou'd have the finest Stud, and noblest Kennel in the whole Country——But here comes her Father, puffing and blowing, like a broken-winded Horse up Hill.

Enter Ruffet.

Ruf. Well, *Sir Harry*, have you heard any Thing of Her?

Sir H. Yes, I have been asking *Tom* about Her, and He says You may have Her for Five Hundred Guineas.

Ruf.

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Ruf. Five Hundred Guineas! How d'ye mean? Where is She? Which Way did She take?

Sir H. Why, first She went to *Epsom*, then to *Lincoln*, then to *Nottingham*, and now She is at *York*.

Ruf. Impossible! She cou'd not go over half the Ground in the Time——What the Devil are You talking of?

Sir H. Of the Mare You was just now saying You wanted to buy.

Ruf. The Devil take the Mare!——Who wou'd think of Her, when I am mad about an Affair of so much more Consequence?

Sir H. You seem'd mad about Her a little while ago. She's a fine Mare, and a Thing of Shape and Blood.

Ruf. Damn her Blood!——*Harriot!* My dear provoking *Harriot!* Where can She be? Have You got any Intelligence of Her?

Sir H. No, Faith, not I: We seem to be quite thrown out here——But however, I have ordered *Tom* to try if He can hear any Thing of Her among the Ostlers.

Ruf. Why don't You enquire after Her Yourself? Why don't You run up and down the whole Town after Her?——T'other young Rascal knows where She is, I warrant You——What a Plague it is to have a Daughter! When one loves Her to Distraction, and has toil'd and labour'd to make Her happy, the ungrateful Slut will sooner go to Hell her own Way——But She shall have Him——I will make Her happy, if I break her Heart for it——A provoking Gipsy!——To run away, and torment her poor Father, that doats on Her!——I'll never see her Face again——*Sir Harry*, how can we get any Intelligence of Her? Why don't You speak? Why don't You tell Me?——Zouns!
You

The JEALOUS WIFE. 23

You seem as indifferent as if You did not care a Farthing about Her.

Sir *H.* Indifferent! You may well call me Indifferent—This damn'd Chace after Her will cost me a Thousand—If it had not been for Her, I wou'd not have been off the Course this Week, to have saved the Lives of my whole Family—I'll hold You Six to Two that—

Ruf. Zouns! Hold your Tongue, or talk more to the Purpose—I swear, She is too good for You—You don't deserve such a Wife—A fine, dear, sweet, lovely, charming Girl!—She'll break my Heart—How shall I find Her out?—Do, prithee, Sir *Harry*, my dear honest Friend, consider how We may discover where She is fled to.

Sir *H.* Suppose You put an Advertisement into the News-Papers, describing her Marks, her Age, her Height, and where She stray'd from. I recover'd a bay Mare once by that Method.

Ruf. Advertise Her!—What! Describe my Daughter, and expose Her in the Publick Papers, with a Reward for bringing Her home, like Horses, stolen or stray'd!—Recover'd a bay Mare!—The Devil's in the Fellow!—He thinks of nothing but Racers, and bay Mares, and Stallions.—'Sdeath! I wish your—

Sir *H.* I wish *Harriot* was fairly pounded. It wou'd save Us both a great deal of Trouble.

Ruf. Which way shall I turn Myself?—I am half-distracted—If I go to that young Dog's House, he has certainly convey'd her somewhere out of my Reach—If She does not send to Me To day, I'll give Her up for ever—Perhaps though, She may have met with some Accident, and has nobody to assist Her.—No, She is certainly with that young Rascal—I wish She

was

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was dead, and I was dead—I'll blow young Oak-ly's Brains out.

Enter Tom.

Sir H. Well, *Tom*, how is poor *Snip*?

Tom. A little better, *Sir*, after his warm Mash: But *Lady*, the Pointing Bitch that followed You all the Way, is deadly Foot-fore.

Ruf. Damn *Snip* and *Lady*!—Have You heard any thing of *Harriot*?

Tom. Why I came on Purpose to let my Master and your Honour know, that *John* Ostler says as how, just such a Lady, as I told Him Madam *Harriot* was, came here in a four-wheel Chaise, and was fetched away soon after by a fine Lady in a Chariot.

Ruf. Did She come alone?

Tom. Quite alone, only a Servant-Maid, please your Honour.

Ruf. And what Part of the Town did They go to?

Tom. *John* Ostler says, as how, They bid the Coachman drive to *Grosvenor* Square.

Sir H. Soho! Puss—Yoics!

Ruf. She is certainly gone to that young Rogue —He has got his Aunt to fetch Her from hence —Or else She is with her own Aunt, *Lady Freelove*—They both live in that Part of the Town. I'll go to his House, and in the mean while, *Sir Harry*, You shall step to *Lady Freelove's*. We'll find Her, I warrant You. —I'll teach my young Mistrefs to be gadding. She shall marry You To-night. Come along, *Sir Harry*, come along! We won't lose a Minute. Come along!

Sir H. Soho! Hark forward! Wind 'em and cross 'em! Hark forward! Yoics! Yoics! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

The JEALOUS WIFE. 25

SCENE changes to Oakly's—*Mrs. Oakly sola.*

Mrs. Oak. After all, that Letter was certainly intended for my Husband. I see plain enough They are all in a Plot against Me. My Husband intriguing, the Major working Him up to affront Me, *Charles* owning his Letters, and so playing into each other's Hands.—They think Me a Fool I find—But I'll be too much for Them yet—I have desired to speak with Mr. *Oakly*, and expect Him here immediately. His Temper is naturally open, and if He thinks my Anger abated, and my Suspicions laid asleep, He will certainly betray Himself by his Behaviour. I'll assume an Air of Good-humour, pretend to believe the fine Story They have trumped up, throw Him off his Guard, and so draw the Secret out of Him. Here He comes. How hard it is to dissemble one's Anger! O, I cou'd rate Him soundly! But I'll keep down my Indignation at present, though it choaks Me.

Enter Oakly.

O my Dear! I am very glad to see You. Pray sit down. [*They sit.*] I longed to see You. It seemed an Age till I had an Opportunity of talking over the silly Affair that happened this Morning. [*Mildly.*

Oak. Why really, my Dear—

Mrs. Oak. Nay, don't look so grave now. Come—Its all over. *Charles* and You have cleared up Matters. I am satisfied.

Oak. Indeed! I rejoice to hear it. You make Me happy beyond my Expectation. This Disposition will insure our Felicity. Do but lay aside

E

your

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your cruel unjust Suspicion, and We shou'd never have the least Difference.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed I begin to think so. I'll endeavour to get the better of it. And really sometimes it is very ridiculous. My Uneasiness this Morning, for Instance! ha! ha! ha! Was not I very angry with You? ha! ha! ha! [*Affecting a Laugh.*]

Oak. Don't mention it. Let Us both forget it, Your present Chearfulness makes amends for every thing.

Mrs. Oak. I am apt to be too violent:—I love You too well to be quite easy about You. [*Fondly.*]
—Well—no Matter—What is become of Charles?

Oak. Poor Fellow! He is on the Wing, rambling all over the Town in Pursuit of this young Lady.

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone, pray?

Oak. First of all, I believe, to some of her Relations.

Mrs. Oak. Relations! Who are They? Where do They live?

Oak. There is an Aunt of Her's lives just in the Neighbourhood; Lady Freeloove.

Mrs. Oak. Lady Freeloove! Oho! Gone to Lady Freeloove's, is He?—And do You think he will hear any thing of Her?

Oak. I don't know; but I hope so with all my Soul.

Mrs. Oak. Hope! with all your Soul! Do You hope so? [*Alarmed.*]

Oak. Hope so! Ye—yes—Why don't you hope so? [*Surprised.*]

Mrs. Oak. Well—Yes—[*Recovering.*]
—O ay to be sure. I hope it of all Things. You know, my Dear, it must give Me great Satisfaction, as well as Yourself, to see Charles well settled.

Oak.

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Oak. I shou'd think so; and really I don't know where He can be settled so well. She is a most deserving young Woman, I assure You.

Mrs. Oak. You are wellacquainted with Her then?

Oak. To be sure, my Dear! After seeing Her so often last Summer, at the Major's House in the Country, and at her Father's.

Mrs. Oak. So often!

Oak. O ay, very often—*Charles* took care of that—Almost every Day.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! But pray—a—a—a—I say, —a—a— [*Confused.*]

Oak. What do You say? My Dear!

Mrs. Oak. I say—a—a [*Stammering.*] Is She handsome?

Oak. Prodigiously handsome indeed.

Mrs. Oak. Prodigiously handsome!—And is She reckoned a sensible Girl?

Oak. A very sensible, modest, agreeable young Lady as ever I knew. You wou'd be extremely fond of Her, I am sure. You can't imagine how happy I was in her Company. Poor *Charles*! She soon made a Conquest of him, and no wonder. She has so many elegant Accomplishments! such an infinite Fund of Chearfulness and Good-humour! Why, She's the Darling of the whole Country.

Mrs. Oak. Lord! You seem quite in Raptures about Her.

Oak. Raptures!—Not at all. I was only telling You the young Lady's Character. I thought You wou'd be glad to find that *Charles* had made so sensible a Choice, and was so likely to be happy.

Mrs. Oak. O, *Charles*! True, as You say, *Charles* will be mighty happy.

Oak. Don't You think so?

Mrs. Oak. I am convinced of it. Poor *Charles*! I am much concerned for Him. He must be very

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uneasy about Her. I was thinking whether We cou'd be of any Service to Him in this Affair.

Oak. Was You? my Love! That is very good of You. Why, to be sure, We must endeavour to assist him. Let Me see! how can We manage it? Gad! I have hit it. The luckiest Thought! And it will be of great Service to *Charles*.

Mrs. Oak. Well, what is it? [*Eagerly.*]—You know I wou'd do any thing to serve *Charles*, and oblige You. [*Mildly.*]

Oak. That is so kind! Lord, my Dear, if You wou'd but always consider Things in this proper Light, and continue this amiable Temper, we shou'd be the happiest People! —

Mrs. Oak. I believe so: But what's your Proposal?

Oak. I am sure You'll like it, — *Charles*, You know, may perhaps be so lucky as to meet with this Lady. —

Mrs. Oak. True.

Oak. Now I was thinking, that He might, with your Leave, my Dear —

Mrs. Oak. Well!

Oak. Bring Her home here —

Mrs. Oak. How!

Oak. Yes, bring Her home here, my Dear! — It will make poor *Charles* his Mind quite easy; and You may take her under your Protection, till her Father comes to Town.

Mrs. Oak. Amazing! This is even beyond my Expectation.

Oak. Why! — What! —

Mrs. Oak. Was there ever such Assurance? Take Her under my Protection! What! Wou'd you keep Her under my Nose?

Oak. Nay, I never conceived — I thought You wou'd have approv'd —

Mrs.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 29

Mrs. Oak. What! make Me your convenient Woman!—No Place but my own House to serve your Purposes?

Oak. Lord, this is the strangest Misapprehension! I am quite astonished.

Mrs. Oak. Astonished? Yes——confused, detected, betrayed by your vain Confidence of imposing on Me. Why sure You imagine Me an Ideot, a Driveller. Charles, indeed! Yes, Charles is a fine Excuse for You. The Letter this Morning, the Letter, Mr. Oakly!

Oak. The Letter! Why sure that——

Mrs. Oak. Is sufficiently explained. You have made it very clear to Me. Now I am convinced. I have no Doubt of your Perfidy. But I thank You for some Hints You have given me, and You may be sure I shall make Use of them: Nor will I rest, till I have full Conviction, and overwhelm You with the strongest Proofs of your Baseness towards Me.

Oak. Nay but——

Mrs. Oak. Go, Go! I have no Doubt of your Falshood: Away! [Exit.

Oakly, *solus*.

Was there ever any thing like this? Such unaccountable Behaviour! Angry I don't know why! Jealous of I know not what! Pretending to be satisfied merely to draw Me in, and then creating imaginary Proofs out of an innocent Conversation!——Hints!——Hints I have given her! What can she mean? ——

Toilet *crossing the Stage*.

Toilet! Where are you going?

Toil.

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Toil. To order the Porter to let in no Company to my Lady to-day. She won't see a single Soul, Sir! *[Exit.*

Oak. What an unhappy Woman! Now will She sit all Day feeding on her Suspicions, till She has convinced Herself of the Truth of them.

John crossing the Stage.

Well, Sir, what's your Business?

John. Going to order the Charlot, Sir!—— My Lady's going out immediately. *[Exit.*

Oak. Going out! What is all this?——But every way She makes Me miserable. Wild and ungovernable as the Sea or the Wind! Made up of Storms and Tempests! I can't bear it: And one way or another I *will* put an End to it. *[Exit.*

SCENE *Lady Freelove's.*——

Enter Lady Freelove with a Card——*Servant following.*

L. Free. *[Reading as She enters.]*——“ And will “ take the Liberty of waiting on her Ladyship “ *en Cavalier*, as He comes from the Manège.” Does any Body wait that brought this Card?

Serv. Lord *Trinket's* Servant is in the Hall, Madam.

L. Free. My Compliments, and I shall be glad to see his Lordship.——Where is Miss *Russet*?

Serv. In her own Chamber, Madam!

L. Free. What is She doing?

Serv. Writing, I believe, Madam.

L. Free. Oh! ridiculous!——Scribbling to that *Oakly*, I suppose. *[Apart.]*——Let her know I shou'd be glad of her Company here. *[Exit Servant:*

Lady

The JEALOUS WIFE. 31

Lady Freelove sola,

It is a mighty troublesome Thing to manage a simple Girl, that knows nothing of the World. *Harriot*, like all other Girls, is foolishly fond of this young Fellow of Her own chusing, her first Love, that is to say, the first Man that is particularly civil, and the first Air of Consequence which a young Lady gives Herself. Poor silly Soul! —But *Oakly* must not have Her positively. A Match with Lord *Trinket* will add to the Dignity of the Family. I must bring Her into it. I will throw Her into his Way as often as possible, and leave Him to make his Party good as fast as He can. But here comes the Girl.

Enter Harriot.

Well! *Harriot*, still in the Pouts! Nay, prithee, my dear little run-away Girl, be more chearful! Your everlasting Melancholy puts one into the Vapours.

Har, Dear Madam, excuse Me. How can I be chearful in my present Situation? I know my Father's Temper so well, that I am sure this Step of mine must almost distract Him. I sometimes wish that I had remained in the Country, let what would have been the Consequence.

L. Free. Why, it is a naughty Child, that's certain; but It need not be so uneasy about Papa, as You know that I wrote by last Night's Post to acquaint Him that his little lost Sheep was safe, and that You are ready to obey his Commands in every Particular, except marrying that Oaf, Sir *Harry Beagle*.—Lord! Lord! What a Difference there is between a Country and Town Education! Why a *London* Lass wou'd have jumped out of a Window into a Gallant's Arms, and without think-
ing

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ing of her Father, unless it were to have drawn a few Bills on Him, been an hundred Miles off in nine or ten Hours, and perhaps out of the Kingdom in Twenty-four.

Har. I fear I have already been too precipitate. I tremble for the Consequences.

L. Free. I swear, Child, You are a downright Prude. Your Way of talking gives Me the Spleen, so full of Affection, and Duty, and Virtue, its just like a Funeral Sermon. And yet, pretty Soul! It can love.—Well, I wonder at your Taste; a sneaking simple Gentleman! without a Title! And when to my Knowledge You might have a Man of Quality To-morrow.

Har. Perhaps so. Your Ladyship must excuse Me, but many a Man of Quality wou'd make Me miserable.

L. Free. Indeed, my Dear, these antediluvian Notions will never do now a-days; and at the same Time too, those little wicked Eyes of Yours speak a very different Language. Indeed You have fine Eyes, Child! and they have made fine Work with Lord *Trinket*.

Har. Lord *Trinket*! [*Contemptuously.*]

L. Free. Yes, Lord *Trinket*: You know it, as well as I do, and yet, you ill-natured Thing, You will not vouchsafe Him a single Smile. But You must give the poor Soul a little Encouragement, prithee do.

Har. Indeed I can't, Madam, for of all Mankind Lord *Trinket* is my Aversion.

L. Free. Aversion! Lord! Child, who ever heard of Aversions in the Country? Besides, Lord *Trinket* is counted a well-bred, sensible, young Fellow, and the Women all think Him handsome.

Har. Yes, He is just polite enough to be able to be very unmannerly with a great deal of good Breeding, is just handsome enough to make Him
most

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most excessively vain of his Person, and has just Reflection enough to finish him for a Coxcomb; Qualifications, which are all very common among those whom your Ladyship calls Men of Quality.

L. *Free*. A Satirist too! Indeed, my Dear, this Affectation sits very awkwardly upon You. There will be a Superiority in the Behaviour of Persons of Fashion.

Har. A Superiority, indeed! For his Lordship always behaves with so much insolent Familiarity, that I shou'd almost imagine He was solliciting Me for other Favours, rather than to pass my whole Life with Him.

L. *Free*. Innocent Freedoms, Child, which every fine Woman expects to be taken with Her, as an Acknowledgment of her Beauty.

Har. They are Freedoms, which, I think, no innocent Woman can allow.

L. *Free*. Romantick to the last Degree!—Why, You are in the Country, still, Harriot!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord *Trinket*, Madam! [*Exit Servant.*]

L. *Free*. I swear now I have a good Mind to tell Him all You have said.

Enter Lord Trinket, in Boots, &c. as from the Riding-House.

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

L. *Trink*. Your Ladyship does Me too much Honour. Here I am *en bottine* as You see—just come from the Manège. Miss *Russet*, I am your Slave. I declare it makes Me quite happy to find You together. 'Pon Honour, Ma'am [*to Harriot*] I begin to conceive great Hopes of You; and as for You, Lady *Freelove*, I cannot sufficiently

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commend your Affiduity with your fair Pupil. She was before posselt of every Grace that Nature cou'd bestow on Her, and No-body is so well qualified as your Ladyship, to give Her the *Bon Ton*.

Har. Compliment and Contempt all in a Breath! My Lord, I am obliged to You. But waving my Acknowledgments, give Me Leave to ask your Lordship, whether Nature and the *Bon Ton* (as you call it) are so different, that We must must give up one in order to obtain the other?

L. Trink. Totally opposite, Madam. The chief Aim of the *Bon Ton* is to render Persons of Family different from the Vulgar, for whom indeed Nature serves very well. For this Reason it has, at various Times, been ungenteel to see, to hear, to walk, to be in good Health, and to have twenty other horrible Perfections of Nature. Nature indeed may do very well sometimes. It made You, for Instance, and it then made something very lovely, and if You wou'd suffer Us of Quality to give You the *Ton*, You wou'd be absolutely divine: But now — Me — Madam — Me — Nature never made such a Thing as Me.

Har. Why, indeed, I think, your Lordship has very few Obligations to Her.

L. Trink. Then You really think it's all my own? I declare now that is a mighty genteel Compliment. Nay, if you begin to flatter already, You improve a-pace. 'Pon Honour, Lady *Freelove*, I believe We shall make something of Her at last.

L. Free. No Doubt on't. It is in your Lordship's Power to make Her a complete Woman of Fashion at once.

L. Trink. Hum! Why ay —

Har.

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Har. Your Lordship must excuse Me. I am of a very tasteless Disposition. I shall never bear to be carried out of Nature.

L. Free. You are out of Nature now, *Harriot*! I am sure no Woman but Yourself, ever objected to being carried among Persons of Quality. Wou'd You believe it? My Lord! Here has She been a whole Week in Town, and wou'd never suffer Me to introduce Her to a Route, an Assembly, a Concert, or even to Court, or to the Opera; nay, wou'd hardly so much as mix with a living Soul that has visited Me.

L. Trink. No Wonder, Madam, You do not adopt the Manners of Persons of Fashion, when You will not even honour Them with your Company. Were You to make one in our little *Coteries*, We shou'd soon make You sick of the Boors and Bumkins of the horrid Country. By the bye, I met a Monster at the Riding-House this Morning, who gave Me some Intelligence, that will surprize You, concerning your Family.

Har. What Intelligence?

L. Free. Who was this Monster, as your Lordship calls him? a Curiosity, I dare say.

L. Trink. This Monster, Madam, was formerly my head Groom, and had the Care of all my running Horses, but growing most abominably surly and extravagant, as You know all those Fellows do, I turned him off; and ever since my Brother *Slouch Trinket* has had the Care of my Stud, rides all my principal Matches himself, and——

Har. Dear my Lord, don't talk of your Groom and your Brother, but tell Me the News. Do You know any thing of my Father?

L. Trink. Your Father, Madam, is now in Town. This Fellow, You must know, is now Groom to Sir *Harry Beagle*, your sweet rural Swain, and in-

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formed Me, that his Master, and your Father, were running all over the Town in Quest of You; and that He himself had Orders to enquire after You; for which Reason, I suppose, He came to the Riding-House Stables to look after a Horse, thinking it, to be sure, a very likely Place to meet You. Your Father perhaps is gone to seek You at the *Tower*, or *Westminster-Abby*, which is all the Idea he has of *London*; and your faithful Lover is probably cheapening a Hunter, and drinking strong Beer, at the *Horse and Jockey* in *Smithfield*.

L. *Free*. The whole Set admirably disposed of!

Har. Did not your Lordship inform him where I was?

L. *Trink*. Not I, 'pon Honour, Madam: That I left to their own Ingenuity to discover.

L. *Free*. And pray, my Lord, where in this Town have this polite Company bestowed Themselves?

L. *Trink*. They lodge, Madam, of all Places in the World, at the *Bull and Gate Inn* in *Holborn*.

L. *Free*. Ha! ha! ha! The *Bull and Gate*! Incomparable! What, have They brought any Hay or Cattle to Town?

L. *Trink*. Very well, Lady *Freelove*, very well indeed!—There They are, like so many Graziers; and there, it seems, They have learnt that this Lady is certainly in *London*.

Har. Do, dear Madam, send a Card directly to my Father, informing Him where I am, and that your Ladyship wou'd be glad to see Him here. For my Part, I dare not venture into his Presence, till You have in some Measure pacified Him; but for Heaven's Sake desire Him not to bring that wretched Fellow along with Him.

L. *Trink*.

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L. *Trink.* Wretched Fellow! Oho! Courage, Milor *Trinket!* [*Aside.*]

L. *Free.* I'll send immediately. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. [*Apart to L. Freelove.*] Sir Harry Beagle is below, Madam.

L. *Free.* [*Apart to Serv.*] I am not at Home,— Have they let Him in?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. *Free.* How abominably unlucky this is! Well, then shew Him into my Dressing-Room. I will come to Him there. [*Exit* Servant.]

L. *Trink.* Lady *Freelove!* No Engagement, I hope. We won't part with You, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* The worst Engagement in the World, A Pair of musty old Prudes! Lady *Formal* and Miss *Prate.*

L. *Trink.* O the Beldams! As nauseous as *Ipecacuanha*, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free.* Lud! lud! What shall I do with Them? Why do these foolish Women come troubling me now? I must wait on Them in the Dressing-Room, and You must excuse the Card, *Harriot*, till They are gone. I'll dispatch Them as soon as I can, but Heaven knows when I shall get rid of Them, for They are both everlasting Gossips; tho' the Words come from her Ladyship, one by one, like Drops from a Still, while the other tiresome Woman overwhelms Us with a Flood of Impertinence. *Harriot*, You'll entertain his Lordship till I return. [*Exit.*]

L. *Trink.* 'Pon Honour, I am not sorry for the coming in of these old Tabbies, and am much obliged

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obliged to her Ladyship for leaving us such an agreeable *Tête-à-Tête*.

Har. Your Lordship will find Me extreamly bad Company.

L. Trink. Not in the least, my Dear! We'll entertain Ourselves one Way or other, I'll warrant You.—'Egad! I think it a mighty good Opportunity to establish a better Acquaintance with You.

Har. I don't understand You.

L. Trink. No?—Why then I'll speak plainer.
——[*Pausing and looking Her full in the Face.*]
You are a damn'd fine Piece, 'pon Honour!

Har. Sir!—How!

L. Trink. O, Ma'am, I'll show You how.

Har. If this be your Lordship's polite Conversation, I shall leave You to amuse Yourself in Soliloquy. [*Going.*]

L. Trink. No, no, no, Madam, that must not be. [*Stopping Her.*] This Place, that Chamber, the Opportunity, all conspire to make Me happy, and You must not deny Me.

Har. How Sir! You don't intend to do Me any Violence.

L. Trink. 'Pon Honour, Ma'am, it will be doing great Violence to Myself, if I do not. You must excuse me. [*Struggling with Her.*]

Har. Help! help! Murder! help!

L. Trink. Your Yelping will signify nothing, No-body will come. [*Struggling.*]

Har. For Heaven's Sake!—Sir! My Lord!
——[*Noise within.*]

L. Trink. Pox on't, what Noise? —Then I must be quick. [*Still struggling.*]

Har. Help! Murder! help! help!

Enter

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Enter Charles, hastily.

Char. What do I hear? My *Harriot's* Voice calling for Help? Ha! [*Seeing Them.*] Is it possible? Turn, Ruffian!—I'll find You Employment. [*Drawing.*]

L. Trink. You are a most impertinent Scoundrel, and I'll whip You through the Lungs, 'pon Honour.

[*They fight, Harriot runs out screaming Help! &c. Then*

Enter Lady Freelove, Sir Harry Beagle, and Servants.

L. Free. How's this?—Swords drawn in my House!—Part Them!— [*They are parted.*] This is the most impudent Thing.

L. Trink. Well, Rascal, I shall find a Time. I know You, Sir!

Char. The sooner the better: I know your Lordship too.

Sir Har. 'Ifaith, Madam, [*To L. Free.*] We had like to have been in at the Death.

L. Free. What is all this? Pray, Sir, what is the Meaning of your coming hither to raise this Disturbance? Do You take my House for a Brothel? [*To Charles.*]

Char. Not I indeed, Madam! But I believe his Lordship does.

L. Trink. Impudent Scoundrel!

L. Free. Your Conversation, Sir, is as insolent as your Behaviour. Who are You? What brought You here?

Char. I am one Madam, always ready to draw my Sword in Defence of Innocence in Distress, and
more

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more especially in the Cause of that Lady I delivered from his Lordship's Fury; in Search of whom I troubled your Ladyship's House.

L. Free. Her Lover, I suppose, or Bully, or what?

Char. At your Ladyship's Service; tho' not quite so violent in my Passion as his Lordship there.

L. Trink. Impertinent Rascal!

L. Free. You shall be made to repent of this Insolence.

L. Trin. Your Ladyship may leave that to Me.

Char. Ha! ha!

Sir Har. But pray what is become of the Lady all this while? Why, Lady *Freelove*, You told Me She was not here, and, 'Ifaith, I was just drawing off another Way, if I had not heard the View-Hollow.

L. Free. You shall see her immediately, Sir! Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Where is Miss *Harriot*?

Serv. Gone out, Madam.

L. Free. Gone out! Where?

Serv. I don't know, Madam: But she ran down the back Stairs crying for Help, crossed the Servants Hall in Tears, and took a Chair at the Door.

L. Free. Blockheads! To let Her go out in a Chair alone!—Go, and enquire after Her immediately. [*Exit. Servant.*]

Sir Har. Gone! What a pox had I just run Her down, and is the little Pufs stole away at last?

L. Free. Sir, if You will walk in [*To Sir Har.*] with his Lordship and Me, perhaps You may hear some

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some Tidings of her; though it is most probable She may be gone to her Father. I don't know any other Friends She has in Town.

Char. I am heartily glad She is gone. She is safer any where than in this House.

L. Free. Mighty well! Sir.——My Lord! Sir Harry!——I attend You.

L. Trink. You shall hear from Me, Sir!
[*To Char.*

Char. Very well, my Lord!

Sir Har. Stole away!——Pox on't——stole away.
[*Exeunt Sir H. and L. Trink.*

Manent Charles and Lady Free love.

L. Free. Before I follow the Company, give me Leave to tell You, Sir, that your Behaviour here has been so extraordinary——

Char. My Treatment here, Madam, has indeed been very extraordinary.

L. Free. Indeed!——Well——No Matter——Permit Me to acquaint You, Sir, that there lies your Way out, and that the greatest Favour You can do Me, is to leave the House immediately.

Char. That your Ladyship may depend on. Since You have put Miss *Russet* to flight, You may be sure of not being troubled with my Company. I'll after Her immediately—I can't rest till I know what is become of Her.

L. Free. If She has any Regard for Her Reputation, She'll never put Herself into such Hands as your's.

Char. O, Madam, there can be no Doubt of her Regard to that, by Her leaving your Ladyship.

L. Free. Insolent Monster!

Char. Poor Lady!

L. Free. Begone this Moment.

G

Char.

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Char. Immediately——My dear *Harriot*! Wou'd I cou'd have spoken with Her!——But She was in Danger, and I delivered Her.——That's Comfort still——and yet——

L. Free. Leave my House.

Char. Directly.——A charming House! And a charming Lady of the House too! Ha! ha!

L. Free. Vulgar Fellow!

Char. Fine Lady! [Exeunt severally.]

END of the SECOND ACT.



ACT



A C T III.

SCENE *Lady Freelove's.*

Enter Lady Freelove, and Lord Trinket.

Lord Trinket.

Doucement, Doucement, my dear Lady *Freelove* ?
——Excuse me ! I meant no Harm 'pon Honour.

L. Free. Indeed, indeed, my Lord *Trinket*, this is absolutely intolerable. What ! to offer Rudeness to a young Lady in my House ! What will the World say of it ?

L. Trink. Just what the World pleases.——It does not signify a Doit what They say.——However I ask Pardon, but 'Egad I thought it was the best Way.

L. Free. For Shame, for Shame, my Lord ! I am quite hurt at your want of Discretion.

L. Trink. 'Pon Honour, now, I am always for taking Them by a *Coup de main*. I never knew it fail before.

L. Free. Leave the whole Conduct of this Affair to Me, or I'll have done with it at once. How strangely You have acted ! There I went out of the way on purpose to serve You, by keeping off that Looby Sir *Harry Beagle*, and preventing Him or her Father, from seeing the Girl, till We had some

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Chance of managing Her Ourselves.—And then You chose to make a Disturbance, and spoilt all.

L. *Trink*. Devil take Sir *Harry*, and t'other Scoundrel too!—That they shou'd come driving hither just at so critical an Instant!—And that the wild little Thing shou'd take Wing, and fly away the Lord knows whither!

L. *Free*. Ay!—And there again You was indiscreet past Redemption. To let Her know that her Father was in Town, and where He was to be found too! For there I am confident She must be gone, as She is not acquainted with one Creature in *London*.

L. *Trink*. Why a Father is in these Cases the *Pis-aller* I must confess. 'Pon Honour, Lady *Freelove*, I can scarce believe this obstinate Girl a Relation of Yours. Such narrow Notions! I'll swear, there is less Trouble in getting ten Women of the *Prémère Volée*, than in conquering the Scruples of a silly Girl in that Stile of Life.

L. *Free*. Come, come, my Lord, a Truce with your Reflections on my Niece! Let Us consider what is best to be done.

L. *Trink*. Ee'n just what your Ladyship thinks proper.—For my Part I am entirely *dérangée*.

L. *Free*. Will You submit to be governed by Me then?

L. *Trink*. I'll be all Obedience—your Ladyship's Slave, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free*. Why then, as this is rather an ugly Affair in regard to Me, as well as your Lordship, and may make some Noise, I think it absolutely necessary, merely to save Appearances, that You shou'd wait on her Father, palliate Matters as well as You can, and make a formal Repetition of your Proposal of Marriage.

L. *Trink*.

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L. *Trink*. Your Ladyship's perfectly in the right. — You are quite *au fait* of the Affair. It shall be done immediately, and then your Reputation will be safe, and my Conduct justified to all the World. — But should the old Rustick continue as stubborn as his Daughter, your Ladyship, I hope, has no Objections to my being a little *ruse*, for I must have Her, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free*. Not in the least.

L. *Trink*. Or if a good Opportunity shou'd offer, and the Girl shou'd be still untractable —

L. *Free*. Do what You will, I wash my Hands of it. She's out of my Care now, You know. — But You must beware of your Rivals. One, You know, is in the House with Her, and the Other will lose no Opportunities of getting to Her.

L. *Trink*. As to the fighting Gentleman, I shall cut out Work for Him in his own Way. I'll send Him a *petit Billet* to-morrow Morning, and then there can be no great Difficulty in outwitting her Bumkin Father, and the Baronet.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain 'O Cutter to wait on your Ladyship.

L. *Free*. O the hideous Fellow! The *Irish* Sailor-Man, for whom I prevailed on your Lordship to get the Post of a Regulating Captain. I suppose He is come to load Me with his odious Thanks. I won't be troubled with Him now.

L. *Trink*. Let Him in, by all Means. He is the best Creature to laugh at in Nature. He is a perfect Sea-Monster, and always looks and talks as if He was upon Deck. Besides, a Thought strikes me. — He may be of Use.

L. *Free*.

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L. *Free.* Well—send the Creature up then.

[*Exit Servant.*
But what fine Thought is this?

L. *Trink.* A *Coup de maitre* 'pon Honour! I intend—but hush! Here the Porpus comes.

Enter Captain 'O Cutter.

L. *Free.* Captain, your Humble Servant! I am very glad to see You.

'O *Cut.* I am much obliged to You, my Lady! Upon my Conscience, the Wind favours Me at all Points. I have no sooner got under Way to tank your Ladyship, but I have born down upon my noble Friend his Lordship too. I hope your Lordship's well.

L. *Trink.* Very well, I thank You, Captain!—But You seem to be hurt in the Service: What is the Meaning of that Patch over your right Eye?

'O *Cut.* Some advanced Wages from my new Post, my Lord! This Pressing is hot Work, tho' it entitles Us to no Smart-money.

L. *Free.* And pray in what perilous Adventure did You get that Scar, Captain!

'O *Cut.* Quite out of my Element, indeed my Lady! I got it in an Engagement by Land. A Day or two ago I spied tree stout Fellows, belonging to a Marchant-man. They made down *Wapping*. I immadiately gave my Lads the signal to chase, and We bore down right upon Them. They tacked, and lay to. We gave Them a tundering Broadside, which They resaved like Men; and one of Them made use of small Arms, which carried off the weathermost Corner of *Ned Gage's Hat*; so I immediately stood in with Him, and raked Him, but resaved a Wound on my starboard Eye, from the Stock of the Pistol. However, We took Them

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Them all, and They now lie under the Hatches, with Fifty more, a-board a Tender off the *Tower*.

L. *Trink*. Well done, noble Captain!—But however You will soon have better Employment, for I think the next Step to your present Post, is commonly a Ship.

'O *Cut*. The sooner the better, my Lord! Honest *Terence* 'O *Cutter* shall never flinch, I warrant You; and has had as much Seen-Sarvice as any Man in the Navy.

L. *Trink*. You may depend on my good Offices, Captain!—But in the mean Time it is in your Power to do me a Favour.

'O *Cut*. A Favour! My Lord! Your Lordship does Me Honour. I wou'd go round the World, from one End to the other, by Day or by Night, to sarve your Lordship, or my good-Lady here.

L. *Trink*. Dear Madam, the luckiest Thought in Nature! [*Apart to L. Free.*]—The Favour I have to ask of You, Captain, need not carry You so far out of your Way. The whole Affair is, that there are a Couple of impudent Fellows at an Inn in *Holborn*, who have affronted Me, and You wou'd oblige Me infinitely, by pressing Them into his Majesty's Service.

L. *Free*. Now I understand You. — Admirable! [*Apart to L. Trink.*]

'O *Cut*. With all my Heart, my Lord, and tank You too, fait. But, by the bye, I hope they are not Housekeepers, or Freemen of the City. There's the Devil to pay in meddling with Them. They boder One so about Liberty and Property, and Stuff. It was but t'other Day that *Jack Trowser* was carried before my Lord Mayor, and lost above a Twelvemonth's Pay, for noting at-all—at-all.

L. *Trink*. I'll take Care You shall be brought into no Trouble. These Fellows were formerly
my

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my Grooms. If You'll call on Me in the Morning, I'll go with You to the Place.

'O *Cut.* I'll be with your Lordship, and bring with Me Four or Five as pretty Boys as you'd wish to clap your two lucking Eyes upon of a Summer's Day.

L. *Trink.* I am much obliged to You. But, Captain, I have another little Favour to beg of You.

'O *Cut.* Upon my Shoul, and I'll do it.

L. *Trink.* What, before You know it?

'O *Cut.* Fore and Aft, my Lord!

L. *Trink.* A Gentleman has offended Me in a Point of Honour—

'O *Cut.* Cut his Troat.

L. *Trink.* Will You carry Him a Letter from Me?

'O *Cut.* Indeed and I will: And I'll take You in Tow too, and You shall engage Him Yard-arm and Yard-arm.

L. *Trink.* Why then, Captain, You'll come a little earlier To-morrow Morning than You proposed, that You may attend Him with my *Biller*, before You proceed on the other Affair.

'O *Cut.* Never fear it, my Lord!—Your Servant!—My Ladyship, your humble Servant!

L. *Free.* Captain, yours! Pray give my Service to my Friend Mrs. 'O *Cutter.* How does She do?

'O *Cut.* I thank your Ladyship's Axing—The dear Crature is purely tight and well.

L. *Trink.* How many Children have You? Captain.

'O *Cut.* Four, and please your Lordship, and another upon the Stocks.

L. *Trink.* When it is launched, I hope to be at the Christening. I'll stand Godfather, Captain!

'O *Cut.* Your Lordship's very good.

L. *Trink.*

L. *Trink*. Well, You'll come To-morrow.

'O *Cut*. O, I'll not fail, my Lord! Little *Terence*
'O *Cutter* never fails, fait, when a Troat is to
be cut. [Exit.]

L. *Free*. Ha! ha! ha! But sure You don't intend
to ship off both her Father and her country Lover
for the *Indies*?

L. *Trink*. O no! Only let Them contemplate the
Inside of a Ship for a Day or two.

L. *Free*. Well, but after all, my Lord, this is
a very bold Undertaking. I don't think You'll be
able to put it in Practice.

L. *Trink*. Nothing so easy, 'pon Honour. To
press a Gentleman—a Man of Quality—one
of Us—wou'd not be so easy, I grant You.
But these Fellows, You know, have not half so
decent an Appearance as one of my Footmen:
And from their Behaviour, Conversation, and Dress,
it is very possible to mistake Them for Grooms and
Ostlers.

L. *Free*. There may be something in that indeed.
But what Use do You propose to make of this Stra-
tagem?

L. *Trink*. Every Use in Nature. This Artifice
must at least take them out of the Way for some
Time, and in the mean while Measures may be
concerted to carry off the Girl.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. *Oakly*, Madam, is at the Door, in
her Chariot, and desires to have the Honour of
speaking to your Ladyship on particular Business.

L. *Trink*. Mrs. *Oakly*! What can that jealous-
pated Woman want with You?

L. *Free*. No Matter what.—I hate Her mor-
tally.—Let Her in. [Exit Servant.]

H

L. *Trink*.

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L. Trink. What Wind blows Her hither?

L. Free. A Wind that must blow us some Good.

L. Trink. How?—I was amazed You chose to see Her.

L. Free. How can You be so slow of Apprehension?—She comes You may be sure on some Occasion relating to this Girl: In order to assist young *Oakly* perhaps, to sooth me, and gain Intelligence, and so forward the Match; but I'll forbid the Banns, I warrant You.—Whatever She wants, I'll draw some sweet Mischief out of it.—But away! away!—I think I hear her—slip down the back Stairs—or stay, now I think on't, go out this way,—meet Her,—and be sure to make Her a very respectful Bow, as You go out.

L. Trink. Hush! Here She is.

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

L. Trinket [bows, and Exit.]

Mrs. Oak. I beg Pardon for giving your Ladyship this Trouble.

L. Free. I am always glad of the Honour of seeing *Mrs. Oakly*.

Mrs. Oak. There is a Letter, Madam, just come from the Country, which has occasioned some Alarm in our Family. It comes from *Mr. Russet*.—

L. Free. *Mr. Russet!*

Mrs. Oak. Yes, from *Mr. Russet*, Madam! And is chiefly concerning his Daughter. As She has the Honour of being related to your Ladyship, I took the Liberty of waiting on You.

L. Free. She is indeed, as You say, Madam, a Relation of Mine; but after what has happened, I scarce know how to acknowledge Her.

Mrs. Oak. Has She been so much to blame then?

L. Free. So much? Madam!—Only judge for Yourself.—Though She had been so indiscreet,

not

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not to say indecent in her Conduct, as to elope from her Father, I was in Hopes to have hushed up that Matter, for the Honour of our Family.—But She has run away from Me too, Madam!—Went off in the most abrupt Manner, not an Hour ago.

Mrs. Oak. You surprise Me. Indeed her Father, by his Letter, seems apprehensive of the worst Consequences.—But does your Ladyship imagine any Harm has happened?

L. Free. I can't tell—I hope not—But indeed She is a strange Girl. You know, Madam, young Women can't be too cautious in their Conduct. She is, I am sorry to declare it, a very dangerous Person to take into a Family.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! [*Alarmed.*]

L. Free. If I was to say all I know!

Mrs. Oak. Why sure your Ladyship knows of nothing that has been carried on clandestinely, between Her and Mr. Oakly. [*In Disorder.*]

L. Free. Mr. Oakly!

Mrs. Oak. Mr. Oakly,—no, not Mr. Oakly—that is, not my Husband—I don't mean Him—not Him—but his Nephew—young Mr. Oakly.

L. Free. Jealous of her Husband!—So! so! Now I know my Game. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Oak. But pray, Madam, give Me Leave to ask, was there any Thing very particular in her Conduct, while She was in your Ladyship's House?

L. Free. Why really, considering She was here scarce a Week, her Behaviour was rather mysterious; Letters and Messages, to and fro, between Her and I don't know who—I suppose You know that Mr. Oakly's Nephew has been here, Madam!

52 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Mrs. Oak. I was not sure of it. Has he been to wait on your Ladyship already on this Occasion?

L. Free. To wait on Me!—The Expression is much too polite for the Nature of his Visit.—My Lord *Trinket*, the Nobleman whom You met as You came in, had, You must know, Madam, some Thoughts of my Niece, and as it wou'd have been an advantageous Match, I was glad of it; but I believe, after what He has been Witness to this Morning, he will drop all Thoughts of it.

Mrs. Oak. I am sorry that any Relation of Mine shou'd so far forget Himself—

L. Free. It's no Matter—his Behaviour indeed, as well as the young Lady's, was pretty extraordinary—And yet after all, I don't believe He is the Object of her Affections.

Mrs. Oak. Ha! [*Much alarmed.*]

L. Free. She has certainly an Attachment somewhere, a strong One; but his Lordship, who was present all the Time, was convinced, as well as Myself, that Mr. Oakly's Nephew was rather a convenient Friend, a kind of Go-between, than the Lover.—Bless Me, Madam, You change Colour! You seem uneasy: What's the Matter?

Mrs. Oak. Nothing,—Madam,—Nothing—A little shocked that my Husband shou'd behave so.

L. Free. Your Husband! Madam.

Mrs. Oak. His Nephew, I mean.—His unpardonable Rudeness—But I am not well—I am sorry I have given your Ladyship so much Trouble—I'll take my Leave.

L. Free. I declare, Madam, You frighten Me. Your being so visibly affected, makes Me quite uneasy: I hope I have not said any Thing—I really don't believe your Husband is in Fault.

Men

The JEALOUS WIFE. 53

Men, to be sure, allow themselves strange Liberties. But I think, nay I am sure, it cannot be so. It is impossible. Don't let what I have said, have any Effect on You!

Mrs. Oak. No, it has not—I have no Idea of such a Thing—Your Ladyship's most obedient—[*Going, Returns.*]—But sure, Madam, You have not heard, or don't know any Thing.

L. Free. Come, come, Mrs. Oakly, I see how it is, and it wou'd not be kind to say all I know. I dare not tell You what I have heard. Only, be on your Guard! There can be no Harm in that. Do You be against giving the Girl any Countenance, and see what Effect it has.

Mrs. Oak. I will—I am much obliged—But does it appear to your Ladyship then that Mr. Oakly—

L. Free. No, not at all—Nothing in't, I dare say.—I wou'd not create Uneasiness in a Family—But I am a Woman Myself, have been married, and can't help feeling for You.—But don't be uneasy, there's nothing in't, I dare say.

Mrs. Oak. I think so.—Your Ladyship's humble Servant!

L. Free. Your Servant, Madam!—Pray, don't be alarmed, I must insist on your not making Yourself uneasy.

Mrs. Oak. Not at all alarmed—not in the least uneasy—Your most obedient! [Exit.]

L. Free. Ha! ha! ha! There She goes, brim-full of Anger and Jealousy, to vent it all on her Husband. Mercy on the poor Man!

Enter Lord Trinket.

Bless Me! my Lord, I thought You was gone.

L. Trink.

54 The J E A L O U S W I F E.

L. *Trink*. Only into the next Room. My Curiosity wou'd not let me stir a Step further. I heard it all, and was never more diverted in my Life, 'pon Honour. Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Free*. How the silly Creature took it! Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Trink*. Ha! ha! ha!—My dear Lady *Freelove*, You have a deal of Ingenuity, a deal of *Esprit*, 'pon Honour.

L. *Free*. A little Shell thrown into the Enemy's Works, that's all.

Both. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

L. *Free*. But I must leave You. I have twenty Visits to pay. You'll let Me know how You succeed in your secret Expedition.

L. *Trink*. That You may depend on.

L. *Free*. Remember then that To-morrow Morning I expect to see You.—At present your Lordship will excuse me.—Who's there? [*Calling to the Servants.*] Send *Epingle* into my Dressing-Room. [*Exit.*

Lord Trinket Solus.

L. *Trink*. So!—If 'O *Cutter* and his Myrmidons are alert, I think I can't fail of Success, and then *prenez garde*, Mademoiselle *Harriot*!—This is one of the drollest Circumstances in Nature.—Here is my Lady *Freelove*, a Woman of Sense, a Woman that knows the World too, assisting Me in this Design. I never knew her Ladyship so much out. How, in the Name of Wonder, can She imagine, that a Man of Quality, or any Man else 'egad, wou'd marry a fine Girl, after—Not I, 'pon Honour. No—no—When I have had the *Entamure*, let who will take the rest of the Loaf.

[*Exit.*
SCENE

SCENE *changes to Mr. Oakly's.—Enter Harriot following a Servant.*

Har. Not at home!—Are You sure that Mrs. Oakly is not at home, Sir?—

Serv. She is just gone out, Madam.

Har. I have something of Consequence—If You will give me Leave, Sir, I will wait till She returns.

Serv. You wou'd not see her, if You did, Madam. She has given positive Orders not to be interrupted with any Company To-day.

Har. Sure, Sir, if You was to let Her know that I had particular Business—

Serv. I shou'd not dare to trouble Her indeed, Madam.

Har. How unfortunate this is! What can I do?—Pray, Sir, can I see Mr. Oakly then?

Serv. Yes, Madam: I'll acquaint my Master, if You please.

Har. Pray do, Sir.

Serv. Will You favour Me with your Name, Madam?

Har. Be pleased, Sir, to let Him know that a Lady desires to speak with Him.

Serv. I shall, Madam. [Exit Servant.]

Harriot sola.

I wish I cou'd have seen Mrs. Oakly! What an unhappy Situation am I reduced to! What will the World say of Me? And yet what cou'd I do? Charles, I must own, has this very Day revived much of my Tendernefs for Him; and yet I dread the Wildness of his Disposition. I must now, however, sollicit Mr. Oakly's Protection, and beg
Leave

56 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Leave to remain for some Time in his House ; a Circumstance (all Things considered) rather disagreeable to a delicate Mind, and which nothing, but the absolute Necessity of it, cou'd excuse. Good Heavens ! What a Multitude of Difficulties and Distresses am I thrown into, by my Father's obstinate Perseverance to force Me into a Marriage, which my Soul abhors !

Enter Oakly.

Oak. [*At Entering.*] Where is this Lady ?—— [*Seeing Her.*] Bless Me, Miss *Russet*, is it You ?—— Was ever any Thing so unlucky ? [*Aside.*] Is it possible, Madam, that I see You here ?

Har. It is too true, Sir ! And the Occasion on which I am now to trouble You, is so much in Need of an Apology, that——

Oak. Pray make none, Madam !——If my Wife shou'd return before I get Her out of the House again !—— [*Aside.*

Har. I dare say, Sir, You are not quite a Stranger to the Attachment your Nephew has profess'd to Me.

Oak. I am not, Madam ! I hope *Charles* has not been guilty of any Baseness toward You. If He has, I'll never see his Face again.

Har. I have no Cause to accuse Him. But——

Oak. But what ? Madam ! Pray be quick !—— The very Person in the World I wou'd not have seen ! [*Aside.*

Har. You seem uneasy, Sir !

Oak. No, nothing at all —— Pray, go on, Madam !

Har. I am at present, Sir, through a Concurrency of strange Accidents, in a very unfortunate Situation, and do not know what will become of Me, without your Assistance.

Oak.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 57

Oak. I'll do every thing in my Power to serve You. I know of your leaving your Father, by a Letter We have had from Him. Pray let me know the rest of your Story.

Har. My Story, Sir, is very short. When I left my Father's, I came immediately to *London*, and took Refuge with a Relation, where, instead of meeting with the Protection I expected, I was alarmed with the most infamous Designs upon my Honour. It is not an Hour ago, since your Nephew rescued Me from the Attempts of a Villain. I tremble to think, that I left Him actually engaged in a Duel.

Oak. He is very safe. He has just sent home the Chariot from the *St. Alban's* Tavern, where He dines To-Day. But what are your Commands for Me, Madam?

Har. I am heartily glad to hear of his Safety.—The Favour, Sir, I would now request of You is, that You will suffer Me to remain for a few Days in your House.

Oak. Madam!

Har. And that in the mean Time You will use your utmost Endeavours to reconcile Me to my Father, without his forcing Me into a Marriage with Sir *Harry Beagle*.

Oak. This is the most perplexing Situation!—Why did not *Charles* take Care to bestow You properly?

Har. It is most probable, Sir, that I shou'd not have consented to such a Measure Myself. The World is but too apt to censure, even without a Cause: And if You are so kind as to admit Me into your House, I must desire not to consider Mr. *Oakly* in any other Light than as your Nephew, as in my present Circumstances I have particular Objections to it.

58 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Oak. What an unlucky Circumstance!—Upon my Soul, Madam, I wou'd do any Thing to serve You—But being in my House, creates a Difficulty that—

Har. I hope, Sir, You do not doubt the Truth of what I have told You.

Oak. I religiously believe every Tittle of it, Madam, but I have particular Family Considerations, that—

Har. Sure Sir, You cannot suspect Me to be base enough to form any Connections in your Family, contrary to your Inclinations, while I am living in your House.

Oak. Such Connections, Madam, would do Me and all my Family great Honour. I never dreamt of any Scruples on that Account.—What can I do?—Let Me see—let Me see—suppose— [*Pausing.*]

Enter Mrs. Oakly behind, in a Capuchin, Tippet, &c.

Mrs. Oak. I am sure I heard the Voice of a Woman conversing with my Husband.—Ha! [*Seeing Harriot*] It is so, indeed! Let Me contain Myself—I'll listen.

Har. I see, Sir, You are not inclined to serve Me—Good Heaven! What am I reserved to?—Why? Why did I leave my Father's House to expose Myself to greater Distresses? [*Ready to weep.*]

Oak. I wou'd do any Thing for your sake: Indeed I would. So pray be comforted, and I'll think of some proper Place to bestow You in.

Mrs. Oak. So! So!

Har. What Place can be so proper as your own House?

Oak. My dear Madam, I—I—

Mrs. Oak. My dear Madam—Mighty well!

Oak. Hush!—hark!—what Noise—No—nothing. But I'll be plain with You, Madam,
We

The JEALOUS WIFE. 59

We may be interrupted.——The Family Consideration I hinted at, is nothing else than my Wife. She is a little unhappy in her Temper, Madam!—And if You was to be admitted into the House, I don't know what might be the Consequence.

Mrs. Oak. Very fine!——

Har. My Behaviour, Sir——

Oak. My dear Life, it wou'd be impossible for You to behave in such a Manner, as not to give Her Suspicion.

Har. But if your Nephew, Sir, took every Thing upon himself——

Oak. Still that wou'd not do, Madam!—Why this very Morning, when the Letter came from your Father, though I positively denied any Knowledge of it, and *Charles* owned it, yet it was almost impossible to pacify her.

Mrs. Oak. The Letter!——How have I been bubbled!

Har. What shall I do? What will become of Me?

Oak. Why, look'ye, my dear Madam, since my Wife is so strong an Objection, it is absolutely impossible for Me to take You into the House. Nay if I had not known She was gone out, just before You came, I shou'd be uneasy at your being here even now. So We must manage as well as We can. I'll take a private Lodging for You a little way off, unknown to *Charles*, or my Wife, or any Body; and if Mrs. Oakly shou'd discover it at last, why the whole Matter will light upon *Charles*, You know.

Mrs. Oak. Upon *Charles*!

Har. How unhappy is my Situation! [*Weeping.*] I am ruined for ever.

Oak. Ruined! Not at all. Such a Thing as this has happened to many a young Lady before You, and all has been well again.——Keep up your

60 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Spirits! I'll contrive, if I possibly can, to visit You every Day.

Mrs. Oak. [*Advancing.*] Will You so? O Mr. Oakly! Have I discovered You at last? I'll visit You indeed. And You, my *dear* Madam, I'll—

Har. Madam, I don't understand—

Mrs. Oak. I understand the whole Affair, and have understood it for some Time past.—You shall have a private Lodging, Miss!—It is the fittest Place for You, I believe.—How dare You look Me in the Face?

Oak. For Heaven's Sake, my Love, don't be so violent.—You are quite wrong in this Affair—You don't know who You are talking to. That Lady is a Person of Fashion.

Mrs. Oak. Fine Fashion, indeed! To seduce other Women's Husbands!

Har. Dear Madam; how can You imagine—

Oak. I tell You, my Dear, this is the young Lady that *Charles*—

Mrs. Oak. Mighty well! But that won't do, Sir!—Did not I hear You lay the whole Intrigue together? Did not I hear your fine Plot of throwing all the Blame upon *Charles*?—

Oak. Nay, be cool a Moment.—You must know, my Dear, that the Letter which came this Morning, related to this Lady—

Mrs. Oak. I know it.

Oak. And since that, it seems, *Charles* has been so fortunate as to—

Mrs. Oak. O you deceitful Man!—That Trick is too stale to pass again with Me.—It is plain now what You meant by your proposing to take Her into the House this Morning.—But the Gentlewoman cou'd introduce herself, I see.

Oak. Fie! fie, my Dear, She came on purpose to enquire for You.

Mrs.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 61

Mrs. Oak. For Me!—Better and better!—Did not She watch her Opportunity, and come to You just as I went out? But I am obliged to You for your Visit, Madam. It is sufficiently paid. Pray, don't let Me detain You.

Oak. For Shame! For Shame, Mrs. Oakly! How can You be so absurd? Is this proper Behaviour to a Lady of her Character.

Mrs. Oak. I have heard her Character. Go, my fine run-away Madam! Now You've eloped from your Father, and run away from your Aunt! Go!—You shan't stay here, I promise You.

Oak. Prithee, be quiet. You don't know what You are doing. She shall stay.

Mrs. Oak. She shan't stay a Minute.

Oak. She shall stay a Minute, an Hour, a Day, a Week, a Month, a Year!—'Sdeath, Madam, She shall stay for ever, if I chuse it.

Mrs. Oak. How!

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, let me go. I am frighted to Death.

Oak. Don't be afraid, Madam!—She shall stay, I insist upon it.

Ruffet, *within*. I tell You, Sir, I will go up. I am sure that the Lady is here, and nothing shall hinder me.

Har. O my Father! My Father! [*Faints away.*]

Oak. See! She faints.—Ring the Bell! Who's there?

Mrs. Oak. What! Take Her into your Arms too!—Oh! I have no Patience.

Enter Ruffet, and Servants.

Ruf. Where is This——Ha! Fainting! [*Running to Her.*] O my dear Harriot! My Child! My Child!

Oak.

62 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Oak. Your coming so abruptly, shocked her Spirits. But She revives. How do You? Madam!

Har. [To *Ruf.*] O, Sir!

Ruf. O my dear Girl! How cou'd You run away from your Father, that loves You with such Fondness?—But I was sure I shou'd find You here?

Mrs. Oak. There!—There!—Sure he shou'd find Her here! Did not I tell You so?—Are not You a wicked Man, to carry on such base under-hand Doings, with a Gentleman's Daughter?

Ruf. Let Me tell You, Sir, whatever You may think of this Matter, I shall not easily put up with this Behaviour.—How durst You encourage my Daughter to an Elopement, and receive Her in your House?

Mrs. Oak. There, mind that!—The Thing is as plain as the Light.

Oak. I tell You, You misunderstand——

Ruf. Look ye, Mr. *Oakly*, I shall expect Satisfaction from your Family for so gross an Affront. Zouns, Sir, I am not to be us'd ill by any Man in England.

Har. My dear Sir, I can assure you——

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, Girl! you'll put me in a Passion.

Oak. Sir, this is all a Mistake.

Ruf. A Mistake! Did not I find her in your House?

Oak. Upon my Soul, she has not been in the House above——

Mrs. Oak. Did not I hear You say, You wou'd take Her a Lodging? A private Lodging!

Oak. Yes, but that——

Ruf. Has not this Affair been carried on a long Time in spite of my Teeth?

Oak. Sir, I never troubled Myself——

Mrs.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 63

Mrs. Oak. Never troubled Yourself!—Did not You insist on Her staying in the House, whether I wou'd or no?

Oak. No.

Ruf. Did not You send to meet Her when She came to Town?

Oak. No.

Mrs. Oak. Did not You deceive Me about the Letter this Morning?

Oak. No—no—no—I tell You, No.

Mrs. Oak. Yes—yes—yes—I tell You, Yes.

Ruf. Shan't I believe my own Eyes?

Mrs. Oak. Shant I believe my own Ears?

Oak. I tell You, You are both deceiv'd.

Ruf. Zouns, Sir, I'll have Satisfaction.

Mrs. Oak. I'll stop these fine Doings, I warrant You.

Oak. 'Sdeath, You will not let me speak——And You are both alike, I think——I wish You were married to one another with all my Heart.

Mrs. Oak. Mighty well! Mighty well!

Ruf. I shall soon find a Time to talk with You.

Oak. Find a Time to talk! You have talked enough now for all your Lives.

Mrs. Oak. Very fine! Come along, Sir! Leave that Lady with her Father. Now She is in the properest Hands. [Exit.

Oak. I wish I cou'd leave You in his Hands.

Oak. [Going, Returns.] I shall follow You, Madam!——One Word with You, Sir!——The Height of your Passion, and Mrs. Oakly's strange Misapprehension of this whole Affair, makes it impossible to explain Matters to You at present. I will do it when You please, and how You please. [Exit.

Manent

64 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Manent Ruffet and Harriot.

Ruf. Yes, yes : I'll have Satisfaction.—So, Madam ! I have found You at last.—You have made a fine Confusion here.

Har. I have indeed been the innocent Cause of a great deal of Confusion.

Ruf. Innocent !—What Business had You to be running hither after—

Har. My dear Sir, You misunderstand the whole Affair. I have not been in this House half an Hour.

Ruf. Zouns, Girl, don't put Me in a Passion ! —You know I love You—but a Lie puts Me in a Passion. But come along—We'll leave this House directly—[*Charles singing without.*] Hey-day ! what now ?

After a Noise without, Enter Charles, drunk.

Char. But my Wine neither Nurses nor Babies can bring,
And a big-bellied Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

[*singing.*]
What's here ? a Woman ? *Harriot* ! Impossible ! My dearest, sweetest *Harriot* ! I have been looking all over the Town for You, and at last—when I was tired—and weary—and disappointed—why then the honest *Major* and I sat down together to drink your Health in pint Bumpers. [*Running up to Her.*]

Ruf. Stand off !—How dare You take any Liberties with my Daughter before Me ? Zouns, Sir, I'll be the Death of You.

Char. Ha ! 'Squire *Ruffet* too !—You jolly old Cock, how do You ?—But *Harriot* ! My dear

The JEALOUS WIFE. 65

dear Girl! [*Taking hold of Her.*] My Life, my Soul, my——

Ruf. Let Her go, Sir ——Come away, *Harriot!*
——Leave Him this Instant, or I'll tear You
asunder. [*Pulling Her.*

Har. There needs no Violence to tear Me from a
Man, who cou'd disguise himself in such a gross
Manner, at a Time when He knew I was in the
utmost Distress. [*Disengages Herself, and Exit*
with Ruffet.

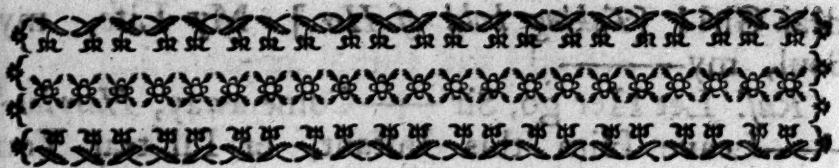
Charles Solus.

Only hear Me, Sir! ——Madam! ——My dear
Harriot ——*Mr. Ruffet!* ——Gone! ——She's gone!
——and 'egad in very ill Humour, and in very
bad Company! ——I'll go after Her ——But hold!
——I shall only make it worse ——as I did ——now
I recollect ——once before. How the Devil came
They here? ——Who wou'd have thought of
finding Her in my own House? ——My Head
turns round with Conjectures. ——I believe I am
drunk, ——very drunk ——so 'egad, I'll e'en go
and sleep myself sober, and then enquire the Mean-
ing of all this. For, *I love Sue, and Sue loves*
Me, &c. [*Exit. singing.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

K

ACT



A C T IV.

SCENE Oakly's.

Enter Mrs. Oakly, and Major Oakly.

Major.

WELL——well——But Sister!——

Mrs. Oak. I will know the Truth of this Matter. Why can't You tell me the whole Story?

Maj. I'll tell you nothing.—There's nothing to tell.—You know the Truth already.—Besides, what have I to do with it? Suppose there was a Disturbance Yesterday,—What's that to Me? Was I here? It's no Business of mine.

Mrs. Oak. Then why do You study to make it so? Am I not well assur'd that this Mischief commenced at your House in the Country? And now you are carrying it on in Town.

Maj. This is always the Case in Family-Squabbles. My Brother has put You out of Humour, and You chuse to vent your Spleen upon Me.

Mrs. Oak. Because I know that You are the Occasion of his Ill-usage. Mr. Oakly never behaved in such a Manner before.

Maj. I! Am I the Occasion of it?

Mrs. Oak. Yes, You. I am sure on't.

Maj.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 67

Maj. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed !

Maj. Ay, indeed : And You are the more oblig'd to me.—Come, come, Sister, its Time You shou'd reflect a little. My Brother is become a publick Jest ; and by-and-by, if this foolish Affair gets Wind, the whole Family will be the Subject of Town-talk.

Mrs. Oak. And well it may, when You take so much Pains to expose us.—The little Disquiets and Uneasinesses of other Families are kept secret ; but here Quarrels are fomented, and afterwards industriously made publick—And You, Sir, You have done all this—You are my greatest Enemy.

Maj. Your truest Friend, Sister.

Mrs. Oak. But its no Wonder. You have no Feelings of Humanity, no Sense of Domestick Happiness, no Idea of Tenderness or Attachment to any Woman.

Maj. No Idea of Plague or Disquiet—No, no—And yet I can love a Woman for all that—heartily—As you say, tenderly—But then I always chuse a Woman shou'd shew a little Love for me too.

Mrs. Oak. Cruel Insinuation !—But I defy your Malice—Mr. Oakly can have no Doubt of my Affection for Him.

Maj. Nor I neither ; and yet your Affection, such as it is, has all the evil Properties of Aversion. You absolutely kill Him with Kindness. Why, what a Life He leads ! He serves for nothing but a mere Whetstone of your Ill-humour.

Mrs. Oak. Pray now, Sir !—

Maj. The Violence of your Temper makes his House uncomfortable to Him, poisons his Meals, and breaks his Rest.

Mrs. Oak. I beg, Major Oakly, that—

68 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Maj. This it is to have a Wife that doats upon one!—The least Trifle kindles your Suspicion; You take Fire in an Instant, and set the whole Family in a Blaze.

Mrs. Oak. This is beyond all Patience—No, Sir, 'tis You are the Incendiary. You are the Cause of—I can't bear such—[*Ready to weep.*]—From this Instant, Sir, I forbid You my House. However Mr. *Oakly* may treat Me himself, I'll never be made the Sport of all his insolent Relations. [Exit.]

Major Oakly solus.

Yes, yes, I knew I shou'd be turn'd out of Doors. There she goes—Back again to my Brother directly. Poor Gentleman!—'Slife, if He was but half the Man that I am, I'd engage to keep Her going to and fro all Day, like a Shuttlecock.

Enter Charles.

What, *Charles*!

Char. O Major! Have You heard of what happened after I left you Yesterday?

Maj. Heard! Yes, yes, I have heard it plain enough. But poor *Charles*! Ha! ha! ha! What a Scene of Confusion! I wou'd give the World to have been there.

Char. And I wou'd give the World to have been any where else. Cursed Fortune!

Maj. To come in so opportunely at the Tail of an Adventure!—Was not your Mistress mighty glad to see You? You was very fond of Her, I dare say.

Char. I am upon the Rack. Who can tell what Rudeness I might offer Her? I can remember nothing

The JEALOUS WIFE. 69

thing—I deserve to lose Her——To make Myself a Beast!——And at such a Time too!——O Fool! Fool! Fool!

Maj. Prithce be quiet, *Charles*!——Never vex Yourself about nothing, this will all be made up the first Time You see Her.

Char. I shou'd dread to see Her——And yet the not knowing where she is, distracts me——Her Father may force Her to marry Sir *Harry Beagle* immediately.

Maj. Not He, I promise You. She'd run plum into your Arms first, in spite of her Father's Teeth.

Char. But then Her Father's Violence, and the Mildness of her Disposition——

Maj. Mildness!——Ridiculous!——Trust to the Spirit of the Sex in Her. I warrant You, like all the rest, she'll have Perverseness enough not to do as her Father would have Her.

Char. Well—well——But then my Behaviour to her——To expose Myself in such a Condition to Her again! The very Occasion of our former Quarrel!——

Maj. Quarrel! ha! ha! ha! What signifies a Quarrel with a Mistress? Why, the whole Affair of making Love, as they call it, is nothing but quarrelling and making it up again. They quarrel o' purpose to kiss and be Friends.

Char. Then indeed Things seemed to be taking a fortunate Turn——To renew our Difference at such a Time!——Just when I had some Reason to hope for a Reconciliation!——May Wine be my Poison if ever I am drunk again!

Maj. Ay, ay, so every Man says the next Morning.

Char. Where! where can she be? Her Father wou'd hardly have carried Her back to Lady *Freelove's*,

70 The JEALOUS WIFE.

Freelove's, and He has no House in Town Himself, nor *Sir Harry*——I don't know what to think——I'll go in search of Her, though I don't know where to direct Myself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A Gentleman, Sir, that calls Himself Captain 'O'Cutter desires to speak with You.

Char. Don't trouble Me——I'll see nobody——I'm not at home——

Serv. The Gentleman says He has very particular Business, and he must see You.

Char. What's his Name? Who did You say?

Serv. Captain 'O'Cutter, Sir!

Char. Captain 'O'Cutter! I never heard of Him before. Do You know any Thing of Him, Major?

Maj. Not I——But You hear He has particular Business. I'll leave the Room.

Char. He can have no Business that need be a Secret to You——Desire the Captain to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] What wou'd I give if this unknown Captain was to prove a Messenger from my *Harriot*!

Enter Captain 'O'Cutter.

'O Cut. Gentlemen, your Servant! Is either of your Names *Charles Oakly*, Esq.

Char. *Charles Oakly*, Sir, is my Name, if You have any Business with it.

'O Cut. Avast, avast, my Dear!——I have a little Business with your Name, but as I was to let nobody know it, I can't mention it, till You clear the Decks, fait. [*Pointing to the Major.*]

Char. This Gentleman, Sir, is my most intimate Friend, and any Thing that concerns Me may be mentioned before Him.

'O Cut-

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'O Cut. O, if he's your Friend, my Dear, we may do all above-board. Its only about your deciding a Deferance with my Lord *Trinket*. He wants to shew You a little warm Work; and as I was steering this Way, He desir'd Me to bring you this Letter. [*Giving a Letter.*]

Maj. How, Sir, a Challenge!

Char. [*Reading.*] Ha! What's this? This may be useful. [*Aside.*]

'O Cut. Yes, fait, a Challenge. I am to be his Lordship's Second; and if You are fond of a hot Birth, and will come along with that Jontleman, we'll all go to it together, and make a little Line of Battle a-head of our own, my Dear!

Maj. Sir, I am infinitely oblig'd to You—A rare Fellow this! [*Aside.* Yes, yes, I'll meet all the good Company. I'll be there in my Waistcoat and Pumps, and take a Morning's Breathing with You. Are You very fond of Fighting? Sir.

'O Cut. Indeed and I am. I love it better than Salt Beef or Biscuit.

Maj. But pray, Sir, how are You interested in this Difference? Do You know what it is about?

'O Cut. O the Devil burn Me, not I. What signifies what it's about, You know? so we do but tilt a little.

Maj. What! fight and not know for what?

'O Cut. When the Signal's out for Engaging, What signifies talking?

Maj. I fancy, Sir, a Duel is a common Breakfast with You. I'll warrant now, You have been engag'd in many such Affairs.

'O Cut. Upon my Shoul, and I have; Sea or Land, its all one to little *Terence* 'O Cutter—When I was last in *Dublin*, I fought one Jontleman for cheating me out of a thousand Pounds: I fought two of the *Mermaid's* Crew about *Sally Mac guire*; tree

72 The JEALOUS WIFE.

tree about Politicks; and one about the Play-house in *Smock-Alley*. But upon my fait! since I am in *England*, I have done noting at all, at all.

Char. This is lucky—but my Transport will discover Me. [*Aside.*] Will You be so kind, Sir, [*To 'O Cutter.*] as to make my Compliments to his Lordship, and assure Him that I shall do Myself the Honour of waiting on Him.

'O Cut. Indeed, and I will.—Arrah, my Dear, wont You come too? [*To Maj.* Oakly.

Maj. Depend upon't. We'll go thro' the whole Exercise: Carte, Tierce, and Segoon, Captain!

Char. Now to get my Intelligence. [*Aside.*] I think the Time, Sir, his Lordship appoints, in his Letter, is—a——

'O Cut. You say right——Six o'Clock.

Char. And the Place—a—a—is——I think, behind *Montague House*.

'O Cut. No, my Dear!——Avaft, by the Ring in *Hyde-Park*, fait.——I settled it there Myself for fare of Interruption.

Char. True, as You say, the Ring in *Hyde-Park*——I had forgot——Very well, I'll not fail You, Sir.

'O Cut. Devil burn Me, nor I. Upon my Shoul little *Terence 'O Cutter* will see fair Play, or he'll know the Reason——And so, my Dear, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! What a Fellow!—He loves Fighting, like a Game-cock.

Char. O Uncle! the luckiest Thing in the World!

Maj. What, to have a Chance of being run through the Body! I desire no such good Fortune.

Char.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 73

Char. With Me Joy, with Me Joy! I have found Her, my dear Girl, my *Harriot*!—She is at an Inn in *Holborn*, Major!

Maj. The Devil she is! How do You know!

Char. Why this dear, delightful, charming, blundering Captain, has delivered me a wrong Letter.

Maj. A wrong Letter!

Char. Yes, a Letter to Lady *Freelove*.

Maj. The Devil! What are the Contents?

Char. The News I told You just now, that She's at an Inn in *Holborn*:—And besides, an Excuse from my Lord, for not waiting on her Ladyship this Morning, according to his Promise, as He shall be entirely taken up with his Design upon *Harriot*.

Maj. So!—so!—A Plot between the Lord and the Lady!—

Char. What his Plot is I don't know, but I shall beg Leave to be made a Party in it: So perhaps his Lordship and I may meet, and *decide our Deference*, as the Captain calls it, before To-morrow Morning.—There! read, read, Man!

[Giving the Letter.

Maj. [Reading.] Um—um—um—Very fine! And what do You propose doing?

Char. To go thither immediately.

Maj. Then You shall take Me with You. Who knows what his Lordship's Designs may be? I begin to suspect foul Play.

Char. No, no; pray mind your own Business. If I find there is any need of your Assistance, I'll send for You.

Maj. You'll manage this Affair like a Boy now—Go on rashly with Noise and Bustle, and Fury, and get Yourself into another Scrape.

Char. No—no—Let Me alone; I'll go *incog*.—Leave my Chariot at some Distance—Proceed prudently, and take care of Myself, I warrant You—

L

I d d

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I did not imagine that I shou'd ever rejoice at receiving a Challenge, but this is the most fortunate Accident that cou'd possibly have happen'd. B'ye, b'ye, Uncle ! [*Exit hastily.*]

Major Oakly, solus.

I don't half approve this——and yet I can hardly suspect his Lordship of any very deep Designs neither.——*Charles* may easily outwit Him. Hark ye, *William* ! [*as seeing a Servant at some Distance.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir !

Maj. Where's my Brother ?

Serv. In his Study——alone, Sir !

Maj. And how is He ? *William* !

Serv. Pretty well, I believe, Sir !

Maj. Ay, ay, but is He in good Humour, or a little——

Serv. I never meddle in family Affairs, not I, Sir ! [*Exit.*]

Major Oakly, solus.

Well said, *William* !——No bad Hint for Me, perhaps !——What a strange World We live in !——No two People in it love one another better than my Brother and Sister, and yet the bitterest Enemies cou'd not torment each other more heartily——Ah, if He had but half my Spirit !——And yet he don't want it neither——But I know his Temper——He pieces out the Matter with Maxims, and Scraps of Philosophy, and Odds and Ends of Sentences——I must live in Peace——Patience is the best Remedy——Any thing for a quiet Life ! and so on——However, Yesterday, to give Him his Due, he behaved like a Man. Keep it up, Brother ! Keep it up ! Or it's all over with You.
Since

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Since Mischief is on Foot, I'll e'en set it forwards on all Sides. I'll in to Him directly, read Him one of my Morning Lectures, and persuade Him, if I possibly can, to go out with Me immediately, or work Him up to some open Act of Rebellion against the sovereign Authority of his Lady-Wife. Zouns, Brother, rant, and roar, and rave, and turn the House out of Window. If I was a Husband!——'Sdeath, what a Pity it is, that Nobody knows how to manage a Wife, but a Batchelor!

[Exit.]

SCENE *changes to the Bull and Gate Inn.*

Harriot, *sola.*

What will become of Me? My Father is enraged, and deaf to all Remonstrances, and here I am to remain by his positive Orders, to receive this booby Baronet's odious Addresses.——Among all my Distresses, I must confess that *Charles* his Behaviour Yesterday is not the least. So wild! So given up to Excesses! And yet——I am ashamed to own it even to Myself——I love Him: And Death itself shall not prevail on Me to give my Hand to Sir *Harry*.——But here He comes! What shall I do with Him?

Enter Sir Harry Beagle.

Sir *Har.* Your Servant, Miss!——What! Not speak!——Bashful mayhap——Why then I will.——Look'ye, Miss, I am a Man of few Words.——What signifies Hagling? It looks just like a Dealer.——What'd'ye think of Me for an Husband?——I am a tight young Fellow——sound wind and

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Limb——free from all natural Blemishes——Rum all over, dammee.

Har. Sir, I don't understand You. Speak *English*, and I'll give You an Answer,

Sir Har. *English*! Why so I do——and good plain *English* too.——What d'ye think of Me for an Husband?——That's *English*——e'nt it?——I know none of your *French* Lingo, none of your *Parlyvoos*, not I.——What d'ye think of Me for an Husband? The 'Squire says You shall marry Me.

Har. What shall I say to Him? I had best be civil. [*Aside.*]——I think, Sir, You deserve a much better Wife, and beg——

Sir Har. Better! No, no——though You're so knowing, I am not to be taken in so.——You're a fine Thing——Your Points are all good.

Har. Sir *Harry*! Sincerity is above all Ceremony. Excuse Me, if I declare I never will be your Wife. And if You have a real Regard for Me and my Happiness, You will give up all Pretension to Me. Shall I beseech You, Sir, to persuade my Father not to urge a Marriage, to which I am determined never to consent?

Sir Har. Hey! how! what! be off!——Why it's a Match, Miss!——It's done and done on both Sides.

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, withdraw your Claim to Me.——I never can be prevailed on——indeed I can't——

Sir Har. What! make a Match, and then draw the Stakes! That's doing of nothing——play or pay, all the World over.

Har. Let Me prevail on You, Sir!——I am determined not to marry You at all Events.

Sir Har. But your Father's determined You shall, Miss!——So the Odds are on my Side.——

I am

The JEALOUS WIFE. 77

I am not quite sure of my Horse, but I have the Rider hollow.

Har. Your Horse! Sir——D'ye take Me for——but I forgive You.——I beseech You, come into my Proposal. It will be better for us both in the End.

Sir Har. I can't be off.

Har. Let Me intreat You.

Sir Har. I tell You, its impossible.

Har. Pray, pray do, Sir!

Sir Har. I can't, dammee.

Har. I beseech You.

Sir Har. [*Whistles.*]

Har. How! laugh'd at?

Sir Har. Will You marry Me? Dear Ally, Ally Croker! [*singing.*]

Har. Marry You? I had rather be married to a Slave, a Wretch——You! [*Walks about.*]

Sir Har. A fine going Thing,——She has a deal of Foot——treads well upon her Pasterns——goes above her Ground——

Har. Peace! Wretch——Do You talk to Me as if I were your Horse?

Sir Har. Horse! Why not speak of my Horse? If your fine Ladies had half as many good Qualities, they wou'd be much better Bargains.

Har. And if their Wretches of Husbands liked them half so well as they do their Horses. they wou'd lead better Lives.

Sir Har. May-hap so.——But what signifies talking to You?——The 'Squire shall know your Tricks——He'll doctor You,——I'll go and talk to Him.

Har. Go any where, so that You go from Me.

Sir Har. He'll break You in——If You won't go in a Snaffle, You must be put in a Curb——He'll break You, dammee.

[*Exit.*
Harriot

Harriot, sola.

A Wretch!—But I was to blame to suffer his brutal Behaviour to ruffle my Temper.—I cou'd expect nothing else from Him, and He is below my Anger.—How much Trouble has this odious Fellow caused both to Me and my poor Father!—I never disobey'd him before, and my Denial now makes him quite unhappy. In any Thing else I wou'd be all Submission; and even now, while I dread his Rage, my Heart bleeds for his Uneasiness—I wish I cou'd resolve to obey Him!

Enter Ruffet.

Ruf. Are not You a sad Girl? a perverse, stubborn, obstinate—

Har. My dear Sir—

Ruf. Look ye, *Harriot*, don't speak—You'll put me in a Passion—Will You have Him?—Answer me that—Why don't the Girl speak?—Will You have Him?

Har. Dearest Sir, there is nothing in the World else—

Ruf. Why there!—there!—Look ye there!—Zouns, You shall have Him—Hussy, You shall have Him—You shall marry him To-night—Did not You promise to receive Him civilly?—How came You to affront Him?

Har. Sir, I did receive Him very civilly; but his Behaviour was so insolent and insupportable—

Ruf. Insolent!—Zouns, I'll blow his Brains out.—Insolent to my dear *Harriot*!—A Rogue! a Villain! a Scoundrel! I'll—But its a Lie—I know its a Lie—He durst not behave insolent—

Will

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Will You have Him? Answer Me that. Will You have Him? — Zouns, You shall have Him.

Har. If You have any Love for Me, Sir——

Ruf. Love for You!——You know I love You——You know your poor fond Father doats on You to Madnefs——I wou'd not force You, if I did not love You——Don't I want You to be happy?——But I know what You wou'd have. You want young *Oakly*, a rakehelly, drunken——

Har. Release Me from Sir *Harry*, and if I ever marry againft your Consent, renounce Me for ever.

Ruf. I *will* renounce You, unless you'll have Sir *Harry*.

Har. Consider, my dear Sir, you'll make Me miserable. I wou'd die to please You, but cannot prostitute my Hand to a Man, my Heart abhors.——Absolve Me from this hard Command, and in every Thing else it will be Happinefs to obey You.

Ruf. You'll break my Heart, *Harriot*, you'll break my Heart——Make You miserable!——Don't I want to make You happy? Is not He the richest Man in the County?——That will make You happy.——Don't all the pale-faced Girls in the Country long to get Him?——And yet You are so perverse, and wayward, and stubborn——Zouns You shall have Him.

Har. For Heaven's sake, Sir——

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, *Harriot*!——I'll hear none of your Nonsense.——You shall have Him, I tell You, You shall have Him——He shall marry You this very Night——I'll go for a Licence and a Parson immediately Zouns! Why do I stand arguing with You? An't I your Father? Have
not

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not I a Right to dispose of You? You shall have Him.

Har. Sir!——

Ruf. I won't hear a Word. You shall have Him. [Exit.

Harriot sola.

Sir!——Hear Me!——but one Word!——He will not hear Me, and is gone to prepare for this odious Marriage. I will die before I consent to it. You *shall* have him! O that Fathers wou'd enforce their Commands by better Arguments!——And yet I pity Him, while He afflicts Me.——He upbraided Me with *Charles* his Wildness and Intemperance——Alas! but too justly——I see that He is wedded to his Excesses; and I ought to conquer an Affection for Him, which will only serve to make Me unhappy.

Enter Charles, in a Frock, &c.

Ha! What do I see? [Screaming.

Char. Peace! my Love!——My dear Life, make no Noise!——I have been hovering about the House this Hour——I just now saw your Father and Sir *Harry* go out, and have seized this precious Opportunity to throw Myself at your Feet.

Har. You have given Yourself, Sir, a great deal of needless Trouble. I did not expect or hope for the Favour of such a Visit.

Char. O my dear *Harriot*, your Words and Looks cut Me to the Soul. You can't imagine what I suffer, and have suffer'd since last Night——And yet I have in some fond Moments flatter'd Myself, that the Service I was so fortunate as to do You
at

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at Lady *Freelove's*, wou'd plead a little in my Favour.

Har. You may remember, Sir, that You took a very early Opportunity of cancelling that Obligation.

Char. I do remember it with Shame and Despair. But may I perish, if my Joy at having delivered You from a Villain, was not the Cause! My Transport more than half intoxicated Me, and Wine made an easy Conquest over Me.—I tremble to think lest I shou'd have behav'd in such Manner, as You cannot pardon.

Har. Whether I pardon You or no, Sir, is a Matter of mighty little Consequence.

Char. O my *Harriot*! Upbraid Me, reproach Me, do any Thing but look and talk with that Air of Coldness and Indifference. Must I lose You for one Offence? when my Soul doats on You, when I love You to Distraction?

Har. Did it appear like Love, your Conduct Yesterday? To lose Yourself in Riot, when I was exposed to the greatest Distresses?

Char. I feel, I feel my Shame, and own it.

Har. You confess that You don't know in what Manner You behaved. Ought not I to tremble at the very Thoughts of a Man, devoted to a Vice, which renders him no longer a Judge or Master of his own Conduct?

Char. Abandon Me, if ever I am guilty of it again. O *Harriot*! I am distracted with ten thousand Fears and Apprehensions of losing You for ever—The Chambermaid, whom I brib'd to admit Me to You, told Me that when the two Gentlemen went out, they talk'd of a Licence.—What am I to think? Is it possible that You can resign Yourself to Sir *Harry Beagle*? [*Harriot pauses.*] Can You then consent to give your Hand to another?

M

No,

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No, let Me once more deliver You——Let us seize this lucky Moment!——My Chariot stands at the Corner of the next Street——Let Me gently force You, while their Absence allows it, and convey You from the brutal Violence of a constrained Marriage.

Har. No!——I will wait the Event, be it what it may——O *Charles*, I am too much inclin'd——They shan't force Me to marry Sir *Harry*——But your Behaviour——Not half an Hour ago, my Father reproach'd Me with the Looseness of your Character. [*Weeping.*]

Char. I see my Folly, and am asham'd of it. You have reclaim'd Me, *Harriot*!——On my Soul, You have.——If all Women were as attentive as Yourself to the Morals of their Lovers, a Libertine wou'd be an uncommon Character.——But let Me persuade You to leave this Place, while You may——Major *Oakly* will receive us at his House with Pleasure——I am shock'd at the Thoughts of what your Stay here may reserve You to.

Har. No, I am determin'd to remain.——To leave my Father again, to go off openly with a Man, of whose libertine Character He has Himself so lately been a Witness, wou'd justify his Anger, and impeach my Reputation.

Char. Fool! Fool! How unhappy have I made Myself!——Consider, my *Harriot*, the Peculiarity of your Situation; besides, I have Reason to fear other Designs against You.

Har. From other Designs I can be no where so secure as with my Father.

Char. Time flies——Let Me persuade You!

Har. I am resolved to stay here.

Char. You distract Me. For Heaven's sake——

Har. I will not think of it.

Char. Consider, my Angel!——

Har.

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Har. I do consider, that your Conduct has made it absolutely improper for me to trust Myself to your Care.

Char. My Conduct!—Vexation! 'Sdeath!—But then, my dear *Harriot*, the Danger You are in, the Necessity——

Enter Chambermaid,

Chamb. O Law, Ma'am!—Such a terrible Accident!—As sure as I am here, there's a Press-Gang has seized the two Gemmin, and is carrying them away, thof so be one an 'em says as how He's a Knight and Baronight, and that t'other's a 'Squire and a Housekeeper.

Har. Seized by a Press-Gang! Impossible.

Char. O, now the Design comes out.—But I'll balk his Lordship.

Chamb. Lack-a-dasy, Ma'am, what can We do? There is Master, and *John Ostler*, and Boot-catcher, all gone a'ter 'em.—There is such an Uproar as never was. *[Exit.*

Har. If I thought this was your Contrivance, Sir, I wou'd never speak to You again.

Char. I wou'd sooner die than be guilty of it. This is Lord *Trinket's* doing, I am sure. I knew He had some Scheme in Agitation, by a Letter I intercepted this Morning.

Har. *[Screams.*

Char. Ha! Here He comes! Nay then, it's plain enough. Don't be frightened, my Love! I'll protect You.—But now I must desire You to follow my Directions.

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Enter Lord Trinket.

L. Trink. Now, Madam!—Pox on't, He here again!—Nay then! [*Drawing.*] Come, Sir! You're unarmed, I see. Give up the Lady: Give Her up, I say, or I am through You in a Twinkling. [*Going to make a Pass at Charles.*]

Char. Keep your Distance, my Lord! I have Arms. [*Producing a Pistol.*] If You come a Foot nearer, You have a Brace of Balls thro' your Lordship's Head.

L. Trink. How? What's this? Pistols!

Char. At your Lordship's Service.—Sword and Pistol, my Lord!—Those You know, are our Weapons.—If this misses, I have the Fellow to't in my Pocket.—Don't be frightened, Madam! His Lordship has removed your Friends and Relations, but He will take great Care of You. Shall I leave You with Him?

Har. Cruel Charles! You know I *must* go with You now.

Char. A little away from the Door, if your Lordship pleases. [*Waving his Hand.*]

L. Trink. Sir!—'Sdeath!—Madam!—

Char. A little more round, my Lord! [*Waving.*]

L. Trink. But Sir!—Mr. Oakly!—

Char. I have no Leisure to talk with your Lordship now.—A little more that Way, if You please. [*Waving.*]—You know where I live—If You have any Commands for Miss *Russet*, You will hear of Her too at my House.—Nay, keep back, my Lord! [*Presenting.*]—Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant!

[*Exit with Harriot.*]

Manet

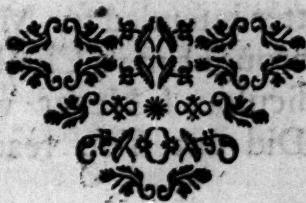
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Manet Lord Trinket.

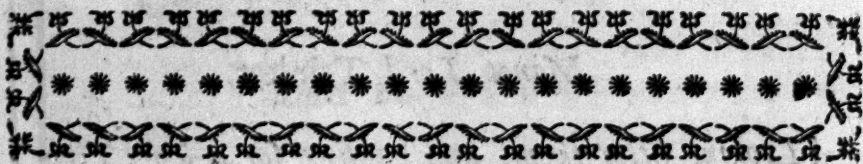
[Looking after them, and pausing for a short Time.]

——I cut a mighty ridiculous Figure here, 'pon Honour.——So I have been concerting this deep Scheme, merely to serve Him.——Oh, the Devil take such Intrigues, and all silly country Girls, that can give up a Man of Quality and Figure, for a Fellow that Nobody knows! *[Exit.]*

END of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT



A C T V.

SCENE Lady Freelove's.

Enter Lord Trinket, Lady Freelove with a Letter, and Captain 'O Cutter.

Lord Trinket.

WAS ever any Thing so unfortunate? Pox on't, Captain, how cou'd You make such a strange Blunder?

'O Cut. I never tought of a Blunder. I was to daliver two Letters, and if I gawe Them one a-piece I tought it was all one, fait.

L. Free. And so, my Lord, the ingenious Captain gave the Letter intended for Me to young Oakly, and here he has brought me a Challenge.

L. Trink. Ridiculous! Never was any Thing so *mal-apropos*——Did not You read the Direction? Captain!

'O Cut. Who Me!——Devil burn Me, not I. I never rade at all.

L. Trink. 'Sdeath! How provoking! When I had secur'd the Servants, and got all the People out of the Way——When every Thing was *en train*.

L. Free.

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L. *Free*. Nay, never despair, my Lord! Things have happened unluckily, to be sure; and yet I think I cou'd hit upon a Method to set every Thing to Right again.

L. *Trink*. How? how? My dear Lady *Freelove*, How?

L. *Free*. Suppose then your Lordship was to go and deliver these country Gentlemen from their Confinement; make them believe that it was a Plot of young *Oakly's* to carry off my Niece; and so make a Merit of your own Services with the Father.

L. *Trink*. Admirable! I'll about it immediately.

'O *Cut*. Has your Lordship any Occasion for my Sarvice in this Expedition?

L. *Trink*. O no: Only release Me these People, and then keep out of the Way, dear Captain!

'O *Cut*. With all my Heart, fait! But You are all wrong! this will not signify a Brass Farding. If You wou'd let Me alone, I wou'd give Him a Salt Eel, I warrant You——But upon my Credit——There's nothing to be done without a little Tilting. [Exit,

L. *Free*. Ha! ha! Poor Captain!

L. *Trink*. But where shall I carry them, when I have deliver'd them!

L. *Free*. To Mr. *Oakly's*, by all Means. You may be sure my Niece is there.

L. *Trink*. To Mr. *Oakly's*!——Why, does your Ladyship consider? 'Tis going directly into the Fire of the Enemy——throwing the *Dementi* full in their Teeth.

L. *Free*. So much the better. Face your Enemies: Nay, You shall outface Them too. Why, where's the Difference between Truths and Untruths, if You do but stick close to the Point?

Falshood

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Falshood wou'd scarce ever be detected, if We had Confidence enough to support it?

L. *Trink*. Nay, I don't want *Bronze* upon Occasion——But to go amongst a whole Troop of People, sure to contradict every Word I say, is so dangerous——

L. *Free*. To leave *Ruffet* alone amongst Them, wou'd be ten times more dangerous. You may be sure that *Oakly's* will be the first Place He will go to after his Daughter, where, if You don't accompany Him, He will be open to all their Suggestions. They'll be all in one Story, and Nobody there to contradict Them: And then their dull Truth wou'd triumph, which must not be. No—no—positively, my Lord, You must battle it out.

L. *Trink*.——Well! I'll go, 'pon Honour——and if I cou'd depend on your Ladyship as a *Corps de reserve*——

L. *Free*. I'll certainly meet You there.——Tush! my Lord, there's nothing in it. It's hard indeed if two Persons of Condition can't bear themselves out against such trumpery Folks as the Family of the *Oaklys*.

L. *Trink*. Odious low People!——But I lose Time——I must after the Captain——and so, till We meet at Mr. *Oakly's*, I kiss your Ladyship's Hands.——You won't fail Me.

L. *Free*. You may depend on Me. [*Exit L. Trink*,

Lady Free love, sola.

So here is fine Work! This artful little Hussy has been too much for Us all: Well! what's to be done? Why, when a Woman of Fashion gets into a Scrape, nothing but a Fashionable Assurance can get Her out of it again. I'll e'en go boldly to Mr.

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Mr. Oakly's, as I have promised, and if it appears practicable, I will forward Lord *Trinker's* March; but if I find that Matters have taken another Turn, his Lordship must excuse Me. In that Case I'll fairly drop Him, seem a perfect Stranger to all his Intentions, and give my Visit an Air of Congratulation to my Niece and any other Husband, which Fortune, her wise Father, or Her ridiculous Self, has provided for Her. [Exit.

SCENE changes to Mrs. Oakly's Dressing-Room.

Mrs. Oakly, *sola*.

This is worse and worse!—He never held Me so much in Contempt before—To go out without so much as speaking to Me, or taking the least Notice!—I am obliged to the *Major* for this.—How cou'd He take Him out? And how cou'd Mr. Oakly go with Him?

Enter Toilet.

Mrs. Oak. Well, Toilet!

Toil. My Master is not come back yet, Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Where is He gone?

Toil. I don't know, I can assure your Ladyship.

Mrs. Oak. Why don't You know?—You know nothing—But I warrant You know well enough, if You wou'd tell—You shall never persuade Me but You knew of Mr. Oakly's going out To-day.

Toil. I wish I may die, Ma'am, upon my Honour, and I protest to your Ladyship, I knew nothing in the World of the Matter, no more than the Child unborn. There is Mr. Paris, my Master's Gentleman, knows——

N

Mrs.

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Mrs. Oak. What does He know ?

Toil. That I knew nothing about it, till after my Master was gone.

Mrs. Oak. Where is *Paris* ? What is He doing ?

Toil. He is in my Master's Room, Ma'am !

Mrs. Oak. Bid Him come here.

Toil. Yes, Ma'am ! [Exit.

Mrs. Oak. He is certainly gone after this young Flirt.—His Confidence and the *Major's* Insolence provokes Me beyond Expression.

Re-enter Toilet with Paris.

Where's your Master ?

Par. *Il est sortie.*

Mrs. Oak. Where is He gone ?

Par. Ah, Madame ! *Je n'en sçai rien.* I know nothing of it.

Mrs. Oak. Nobody knows any Thing. Why did not You tell Me He was going out ?

Par. I dress Him——*Je ne m'en soucie pas du plus—* He go where He will——I have no Business wis it.

Mrs. Oak. Yes, You shou'd have told Me——That was your Business——And if You don't mind your Business better, You shan't stay here, I can tell You, Sir.

Par. *Voilà ! quelque chose d'extraordinaire !*

Mrs. Oak. Don't stand jabbering and shrugging your Shoulders, but go, and enquire——go——and bring Me Word where He is gone.

Par. I don't know vat I am do——I'll ask *John.*

Mrs. Oak. Bid *John* come here.

Par. *De tout mon cœur.—Jean ! ici ! Jean !—* Speak mi Ladi ! [Exit.

Mrs. Oak. Impudent Fellow ! His insolent Gravity and Indifference is insupportable——*Toilet !*

Toil. Ma'am !

Mrs.

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Mrs. Oak. Where's *John*? Why don't He come?
Why do You stand with your Hands before You?
Why don't You fetch Him?

Toil. Yes, Ma'am—I'll go this Minute—
O! here! *John*! My Lady wants You.

Enter John.

Mrs. Oak. Where's your Master?

John. Gone out, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Why did not You go with Him?

John. Because He went out in the *Major's* Chariot, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Where did They go to?

John. To the *Major's*, I suppose, Madam.

Mrs. Oak. Suppose! Don't You know?

John. I believe so, but can't tell for certain, indeed, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Believe! and suppose!—and don't know! and can't tell—You are all Fools—Go about your Business! [*John going.*]—Come here! [*Returns.*] Go to the *Major's*—No—it does not signify—go along—[*John going.*]—Yes, hark'ye! [*Returns.*] Go to the *Major's*, and see if your Master is there.

John. Give your Compliments? Madam!

Mrs. Oak. My Compliments! Blockhead! Get along! [*John going.*] Come hither! [*Returns.*]—Can't You go to the *Major's*, and bring Me Word if Mr. Oakly is there, without taking any further Notice?

John. Yes, Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Well! Why don't You go then?
And make Haste back—And d'ye hear? *John*!
[*John going, returns.*]

John. Madam!

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Mrs. Oak. Nothing at all——go along——
[John goes.]——How uneasy Mr. Oakly makes
Me!——Hark'ye! John! [John returns.]

John. Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Send the Porter here.

John. Yes, Madam!

[Exit John.

Toil. So! She's in a rare Humour! I shall have
a fine Time on't——[Aside.]——Will your Lady-
ship chuse to dress?

Mrs. Oak. Prithee, Creature, don't teaze Me
with your fiddle-faddle Stuff——I have a thousand
Things to think of——Where is the Porter? Why
has not that Booby sent Him? What is the Mean-
ing——

Re-enter John.

John. Madam, my Master is this Moment re-
turned with Major Oakly, and my young Master,
and the Lady that was here Yesterday.

Mrs. Oak. Very well. [Exit John.]——Returned!
——Yes, truly, he is returned——and in a very
extraordinary Manner——This is setting Me at
open Defiance——But I'll go down, and shew
them I have too much Spirit to endure such Usage
——[Going.]——Or stay——I'll not go amongst his
Company——I'll go out——Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Order the Coach. I'll go out. [Toilet
going.]——Toilet! stay!——I'll e'en go down to
them——No——Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Order Me a boil'd Chicken——I'll
not go down to Dinner——I'll dine in my own
Room, and sup there——I'll not see his Face
these three Days.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

The JEALOUS WIFE. 93

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter Oakly, Major Oakly, Charles, and Harriot.

Char. My dear *Harriot*, do not make Yourself so uneasy.

Har. Alas! I have too much Cause for my Uneasiness. Who knows what that vile Lord has done with my Father?

Oak. Be comforted, Madam! We shall soon hear of Mr. *Ruffet*, and all will be well, I dare say.

Har. You are too good to Me, Sir!—But I can assure You, I am not a little concern'd on your Account as well as my own; and if I did not flatter Myself with the Hopes of explaining every Thing to Mrs. *Oakly's* Satisfaction, I should never forgive Myself for having disturbed the Peace of such a worthy Family.

Maj. Don't mind that, Madam! They'll be very good Friends again—This is nothing among married People,—'Sdeath! Here She is!—No—Its only Mrs. *Toilet*.

Enter Toilet.

Oak. Well, *Toilet*, What now? [*Toil. whispers.*] Not well?—Can't come down to Dinner?—Wants to see Me above?—Hark'ye, Brother, what shall I do?

Maj. If You go, you're undone.

Har. Go, Sir!—Go to Mrs. *Oakly*—Indeed, You had better—

Maj. 'Sdeath, Brother! don't budge a Foot—This is all Fractiousness and Ill-humour—

Oak.

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Oak. No—I'll not go—Tell Her I have Company, and We shall be glad to see Her here.

[*Exit Toilet.*

Maj. That's right.

Oak. Suppose I go, and watch how She proceeds?

Maj. What d'ye mean?—You wou'd not go to Her!—Are You mad?

Oak. By no Means go to Her—I only want to know how She takes it.—I'll lie *perdue* in my Study, and observe Her Motions.

Maj. I don't like this pitiful ambuscade Work—This Bush-fighting—Why can't You stay here?—Ay! ay!—I know how it will be—She'll come bounce in upon You with a Torrent of Anger and Passion, or, if necessary, a whole Flood of Tears, and carry all before Her at once.

Oak. You shall find that you're mistaken, Major!—Don't imagine, because I wish not to be void of Humanity, that I am destitute of Resolution. Now I am convinc'd I'm in the Right, I'll support that Right with ten Times your Steadiness.

Maj. You talk this well, Brother!

Oak. I'll do it well, Brother!

Maj. If You don't, you're undone.

Oak. Never fear! never fear!

[*Exit.*

Maj. Well, Charles!

Char. I can't bear to see my *Harriot* so uneasy. I'll go immediately in quest of Mr. *Ruffet*. Perhaps I may learn at the Inn where his Lordship's Ruffians have carried Him.

Ruf. [*without.*] Here? Yes, yes, I know She's here well enough. Come along, Sir *Harry*, come along.

Har. He's here!—My Father! I know his Voice. Where is Mr. *Oakly*? O, now, good Sir,

[*To*

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[To Major.] Do but pacify Him, and you'll be a Friend indeed.

Enter Ruffet, Lord Trinket, and Sir Harry Beagle.

L. Trink. There! Sir—I told you it was so.

Ruf. Ay, ay, it is too plain.—O you provoking Slut!—Elopement after Elopement! And at last to have your Father carried off by Violence! To endanger my Life! Zouns! I am so angry, I dare not trust Myself within reach of You.

Char. I can assure You, Sir, that your Daughter is entirely——

Ruf. You assure Me? You are the Fellow that has perverted her Mind——That has set my own Child against Me——

Char. If You will but hear Me, Sir——

Ruf. I won't hear a Word You say——I'll have my Daughter——I won't hear a Word.

Maj. Nay, Mr. *Ruffet*, hear Reason. If You will but have Patience——

Ruf. I'll have no Patience—I'll have my Daughter, and She shall marry Sir *Harry* To-night.

L. Trink. That is dealing rather too much *en cavalier* with Me, Mr. *Ruffet*, 'pon Honour. You take no Notice of my Pretensions, though my Rank and Family——

Ruf. What care I for Rank and Family? I don't want to make my Daughter a rantipole Woman of Quality. I'll give Her to whom, I please. Take Her away, Sir *Harry*! She shall marry You To-night.

Har. For Heaven's sake, Sir, hear Me but a Moment.

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, Girl! Take Her away, Sir *Harry*, take Her away.

Char.

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Char. It must not be.

Maj. Only three Words, Mr. *Ruffet*.——

Ruf. Why don't the Booby take Her?——

Sir Har. Hold hard! hold hard! You are all on a wrong Scent: Hold hard! I say, hold hard!—Hark ye, Squire *Ruffet*!

Ruf. Well! what now?

Sir Har. It was proposed, You know, to match Me with Miss *Harriot*——But She can't take kindly to me,——When one has made a bad Bet, it is best to hedge off, You know——and so I have e'en swopped Her with Lord *Trinket* here for his brown Horse *Nabob*, that He bought of Lord *Whistle-jacket*, for Fifteen hundred Guineas.

Ruf. Swopped Her? Swopped my Daughter for a Horse? Zouns, Sir, what d'ye mean?

Sir Har. Mean? Why I mean to be off, to be sure——It won't do——I tell You, it won't do——First of all I knocked up Myself and my Horses, when they took for *London*——and now I have been stewed aboard a Tender——I have wasted three Stone at least——If I cou'd have rid my Match, it would not have grieved me——And for as I said before, I have swopped Her for *Nabob*...

Ruf. The Devil take *Nabob*, and Yourself, and Lord *Trinket*, and——

L. Trink. Pardon! *je vous demande pardon Monsieur Ruffet*! 'pon Honour.

Ruf. Death and the Devil! I shall go distracted: My Daughter plotting against Me——the——

Maj. Come, come, Mr. *Ruffet*, I am your Man after all, give Me but a Moment's Hearing, and I'll engage to make Peace between You and your Daughter, and throw the Blame where it ought to fall most deservedly.

Sir Har. Ay, ay, that's right. Put the Saddle on the right Horse, my Buck!

Ruf.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 97

Ruf. Well, Sir!—What d'ye say?—Speak
—I don't know what to do—

Maj. I'll speak the Truth, let who will be
offended by it.—I have Proof presumptive and
positive for You, Mr. *Russet*. From his Lord-
ship's Behaviour at Lady *Freelove's*, when my Ne-
phew rescued Her, We may fairly conclude that
He wou'd stick at no Measures to carry his Point.
—There's Proof presumptive.—But Sir We
can give You Proof positive too—Proof under
his Lordship's own Hand, that He, likewise, was
the Contriver of the gross Affront that has just been
offered You.

Ruf. Hey! How!

L. Trink. Every Syllable Romance, 'pon Honour.

Maj. Gospel, every Word on't.

Char. This Letter will convince You, Sir!—
In Consequence of what happened at Lady *Freelove's*,
his Lordship thought fit to send Me a Challenge:
But the Messenger blundered, and gave Me this
Letter instead of it. [*Giving the Letter.*] I have
the Case which inclosed it in my Pocket.

L. Trink. Forgery from Beginning to End, 'pon
Honour.

Maj. Truth upon my Honour.—But read,
read, Mr. *Russet*, read and be convinced.

Ruf. Let Me see—let Me see—[*Reading.*]—
Um—um—um—um—so! so!—um—um—
um—Damnation!—*Wish Me Success*—*obedient*
Slave—*Trinket*.—Fire and Fury! How dare
You do this?

L. Trink. When You are cool, Mr. *Russet*, I will
explain this Matter to You.

Ruf. Cool? 'Sdeath and Hell!—I'll never be
cool again—I'll be revenged.—So my *Harriot*,
my dear Girl is innocent at last—Say so, *Harriot*,
tell Me You are innocent. [*Embracing Her.*

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Har. I am, indeed, Sir! and happy beyond Expression, at your being convinced of it.

Ruf. I am glad on't—I am glad on't—I believe You, *Harriot*!—You was always a good Girl.

Maj. So She is, an excellent Girl!—Worth a Regiment of such Lords and Baronets—Come, Sir, finish every Thing handsomely at once—Come, — *Charles* will have a handsome Fortune.

Ruf. Marry!—She durst not do it.—

Maj. Consider, Sir, They have long been fond of each other,—old Acquaintance—faithful Lovers—Turtles—and may be very happy.

Ruf. Well, well—since Things are so—I love my Girl—Hark'ye, young *Oakly*, if You don't make Her a good Husband, You'll break my Heart, you Rogue.

Char. Do not doubt it, Sir! my *Harriot* has reformed Me altogether.

Ruf. Has She?—Why then—there—Heaven bless you both—there—now there's an End on't.

Sir Har. So, my Lord, You and I are both distanced—A hollow Thing, dammee.

L. Trink. N'importe.

Sir Har. [*Aside.*] Now this Stake is drawn, my Lord may be for hedging off mayhap. Ecod! I'll go to *Jack Speed's*, and secure *Nabob*, and be out of Town in an Hour—Soho! Lady *Freelove*! Yoics!

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Freelove.

L. Free. My dear Miss *Ruffet*, You'll excuse—

Char. Mrs. *Oakly*, at your Ladyship's Service.

L. Free. Married?

Har.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 99

Har. Not yet, Madam, but my Father has been so good as to give his Consent.

L. Free. I protest, I am prodigiously glad of it. My Dear, I give You Joy——and You, Mr. *Oakly*——I wish You Joy, Mr. *Russet*, and all the good Company——for I think They are most of Them Parties concerned.

Maj. How easy, impudent, and familiar !——

[*Aside.*

L. Free. Lord *Trinket* here too ! I vow I did not see your Lordship before.

L. Trink. Your Ladyship's most obedient Slave.
[*Bowing.*

L. Free. You seem grave, my Lord !——Come, come, I know there has been some Difference between You and Mr. *Oakly*——You must give Me Leave to be a Mediator in this Affair.

L. Trink. Here has been a small *Fracas* to be sure, Madam !——We are all blown, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. Blown ! What do You mean, my Lord ?

L. Trink. Nay, your Ladyship knows that I never mind these Things, and I know that they never discompose your Ladyship——But Things have happened a little *en travers*——The little *Billet* that I sent your Ladyship, has fallen into the Hands of that Gentleman——[*Pointing to Char.*]——and so——there has been a little *Brouillerie* about it——that's all.

L. Free. You talk to Me, my Lord, in a very extraordinary Stile——If You have been guilty of any Misbehaviour, I am sorry for it ; but your ill Conduct can fasten no Imputation on Me.——Miss *Russet* will justify Me sufficiently.

Maj. Had not your Ladyship better appeal to my Friend *Charles* here ?——The Letter ! *Charles* !——Out with it this Instant !

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Char. Yes, I have the Credentials of her Ladyship's Integrity in my Pocket.—Mr. *Russet*, the Letter You read a little while ago, was inclosed in this Cover, which also I now think it my Duty to put into your Hands.

Ruf. [*Reading.*] *To the Right Honourable Lady Freelove*——'Sdeath and Hell!——and now I recollect, the Letter itself was pieced with Scraps of *French*, and *Madam*, and *Your Ladyship*——Fire and Fury! Madam, how came You to use Me so? I am obliged to You then for the Insult that has been offered Me.

L. Free. What is all this? Your Obligations to Me, Mr. *Russet*, are of a Nature that——

Ruf. Fine Obligations! I dare say I am partly oblig'd to You too for the Attempt on my Daughter by that Thing of a Lord yonder at your House. Zouns! Madam, these are Injuries never to be forgiven——They are the grossest Affronts to Me and my Family——All the World shall know Them——Zouns!——I'll——

L. Free. Mercy on Me! how boisterous are these Country Gentlemen! Why really, Mr. *Russet*, You rave like a Man in *Bedlam*——I am afraid you'll beat Me—and then You swear most abominably.——How can You be so vulgar?——I see the Meaning of this low Malice——But the Reputations of Women of Quality are not so easily impeached——My Rank places Me above the Scandal of little People, and I shall meet such petty Insolence with the greatest Ease and Tranquillity.—But You and your simple Girl will be the Sufferers——I had some Thoughts of introducing Her into the first Company——But now, Madam, I shall neither receive nor return your Visits, and will entirely withdraw my Protection from the ordinary Part of the Family.

[*Exit.*

Ruf.

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Ruf. Zouns ! what Impudence ! that's worse than all the rest.

L. Trink. Fine presence of Mind, faith !—The true *French Nonchalance*—But good Folks, why such a deal of Rout and *Tapage* about nothing at all ?—If *Mademoiselle Harriot* had rather be *Mrs. Oakly* than *Lady Trinket*—Why—I wish her Joy, that's all—*Mr. Russet*, I wish You Joy of your Son-in-Law—*Mr. Oakly*, I wish You Joy of the Lady—and You, Madam, [*To Harriot.*] of the Gentleman—And in short, I wish You all Joy of one another, 'pon Honour ! [*Exit.*

Ruf. There's a fine Fellow of a Lord now ! The Devil's in your *London* Folks of the first Fashion, as You call Them. They will rob You of your Estate, debauch your Daughter, or lie with your Wife—and all as if They were doing You a Favour—'Pon Honour !—[*Bell rings violently.*

Maj. Hey ! What now ?

Enter Oakly.

Oak. D'ye hear *Major*, d'ye hear ?

Maj. Zouns ! What a Clatter !—She'll pull down all the Bells in the House.

Oak. My Observations since I left You, have confirm'd my Resolution. I see plainly, that her Good-humour, and her Ill-humour, her Smiles, her Tears, and her Fits, are all calculated to play upon Me.

Maj. Did not I always tell You so ? Its the way with them all—They will be rough, and smooth, and hot, and cold, and all in a Breath. Any Thing to get the better of us.

Oak. She is in all Moods at present, I promise You—I am at once angry and ashamed of Her ; and yet she is so ridiculous I can't help laughing at Her—There has She been in her Chamber, fuming

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fuming and fretting, and dispatching a Messenger to Me every two Minutes——Servant after Servant——Now she insists on my coming to Her——Now again She writes a Note to intreat——Then *Toilet* is sent to let Me know that She is ill——absolutely dying——Then, the very next Minute, she'll never see my Face again——She'll go out of the House directly. [*Bell rings.*] Again!——now the Storm rises!——

Maj. It will soon drive this Way then——now Brother, prove Yourself a Man——You have gone too far to retreat.

Oak. Retreat!——Retreat!——No, no!——I'll preserve the Advantage I have gain'd, I am determin'd.

Maj. Ay, ay!——keep your Ground!——fear nothing!——Up with your noble Heart! Good Discipline makes good Soldiers; stick close to my Advice, and You may stand buff to a Tigress——

Oak. Here she is, by Heavens——Now! Brother!

Maj. And now! Brother!——Now, or never!

Enter Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. Oak. I think, Mr. *Oakly*, You might have had Humanity enough to have come to see how I did. You have taken your Leave, I suppose, of all Tendernefs and Affection——But I'll be calm——I'll not throw myself into a Passion——You want to drive me out of your House——I see what You aim at, and will be beforehand with You——Let Me keep my Temper!——I'll send for a Chair, and leave the House this Instant.

Oak. True, my Love! I knew You wou'd not think of dining in your own Chamber alone, when I had Company below. You shall sit at the Head of the Table, as You ought to be sure, as You say, and make my Friends welcome.

Mrs.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 103

Mrs. Oak. Excellent Raillery! Look ye, Mr. Oakly, I see the Meaning of all this affected Coolness and Indifference.——

Oak. My Dear, consider where You are——

Mrs. Oak. You wou'd be glad, I find, to get Me out of your House, and have all your Flirts about You.——

Oak. Before all this Company! Fie.——

Mrs. Oak. But I'll disappoint You, for I shall remain in it to support my due Authority——As for You, Major Oakly!——

Maj. Hey day! What have I done?

Mrs. Oak. I think You might find better Employment, than to create Divisions between married People—and You, Sir!——

Oak. Nay, but my Dear!——

Mrs. Oak. Might have more Sense, as well as Tendernefs, than to give Ear to such idle Stuff.——

Oak. Lord! Lord!——

Mrs. Oak. You and your wise Counsellor there, I suppose, think to carry all your Points with Me.——

Oak. Was ever any Thing——

Mrs. Oak. But it won't do Sir! You shall find that I will have my own Way, and that I will govern my own Family.

Oak. You had better learn to govern Yourself by half. Your Passion makes You ridiculous. Did ever any body see so much Fury and Violence, affronting your best Friends, breaking my Peace, and disconcerting your own Temper? And all for what? for nothing. 'Sdeath! Madam, at these Years You ought to know better.

Mrs. Oak. At these Years!——Very fine!——Am I to be talk'd to in this Manner?

Oak. Talk'd to!——Why not?——You have talk'd to Me long enough——almost talked Me to Death——and I have taken it all in hopes of making
You

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You quiet—But all in vain, for the more one bears, the worse You are. Patience, I find, is all thrown away upon You—and henceforward, come what may, I am resolved to be Master of my own House.

Mrs. Oak. So! so!—Master indeed!—Yes, Sir, and you'll take care to have Mistresses enough too, I warrant You.

Oak. Perhaps I may; but they shall be quiet ones, I can assure You.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! and do You think that I am such a tame Fool as to sit quietly and bear all this?—You shall know, Sir, that I will resent this Behaviour—You shall find that I have a Spirit—

Oak. Of the Devil.

Mrs. Oak. Intolerable!—You shall find then that I will exert that Spirit. I am sure I have need of it.—As soon as my House is once cleared again, I'll shut my Doors against all Company—You shan't see a single Soul for this Month.

Oak. 'Sdeath! Madam, but I will.—I'll keep open House for a Year.—I'll send Cards to the whole Town—Mr. *Oakly's* Route! All the World will come—And I'll go among the World too—I'll be mewed up no longer.

Mrs. Oak. Provoking Insolence!—This is not to be endured. Look'ye, Mr. *Oakly*—

Oak. And look'ye Mrs. *Oakly*, I will have my own Way.

Mrs. Oak. Nay then, let Me tell You, Sir—

Oak. And let Me tell You, Madam, I will not be crossed—I won't be made a Fool.

Mrs. Oak. Why, You won't let Me speak—

Oak. Because You don't speak as You ought—Madam! Madam! You shan't look, nor walk, nor talk, nor think, but as I please.

Mrs.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 105

Mrs. Oak. Was there ever such a Monster! I can bear this no longer. [*Bursts into Tears.*] O you vile Man!—I see through your Design—You cruel, barbarous, inhuman—Such Usage to your poor Wife!—You'll be the Death of Her.

Oak. She shan't be the Death of Me, I am determined.

Mrs. Oak. That it shou'd ever come to this! —To be contradicted—[*Sobbing.*]—insulted—abused—hated—'Tis too much—my Heart will burst with—oh—oh— [Falls into a Fit.

Harriot, Charles, &c. run to her Assistance.

Oak. [*Interposing.*] Let Her alone.

Har. Sir, Mrs. Oakly—

Char. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, She will be—

Oak. Let Her alone, I say. I won't have Her touched—Let Her alone—If her Passions throw Her into Fits, let the Strength of them carry Her through them.

Har. Pray, my dear Sir, let Us assist Her! She may—

Oak. I don't care—You shan't touch Her—Let Her bear them patiently—She'll learn to behave better another Time.—Let Her alone, I say.

Mrs. Oak. [*Rising.*] O you Monster!—You Villain!—You base Man!—Wou'd You let Me die for want of Help?—Wou'd You—

Oak. Bless Me! Madam, your Fit is very violent—Take Care of Yourself.

Mrs. Oak. Despised—ridiculed—But I'll be revenged—You shall see, Sir—

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Oak. *Tol-de-rol loll-de-roll loll-de-rol loll.* [singing.

Mrs. Oak. What, am I made a Jest of? Exposed to all the World——If there's Law or Justice——

Oak. *Tol-de-rol loll-de-roll loll-de-rol loll.* [singing.

Mrs. Oak. I shall burst with Anger——Have a care, Sir, You may repent this——Scorned and made ridiculous!——No Power on Earth shall hinder my Revenge. [Going.

Har. [Interposing.] Stay, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Let Me go. I cannot bear this Place.

Har. Let Me beseech You, Madam!

Oak. What does the Girl mean?

Maj. Courage! Brother. You have } *Apart.*
done Wonders.

Oak. I think, She'll have no more Fits.

Har. Stay, Madam!——Pray stay!——but one Moment.——I have been a painful Witness of your Uneasiness, and in great Part the innocent Occasion of it. Give Me Leave then——

Mrs. Oak. I did not expect indeed to have found You here again. But however.——

Har. I see the Agitation of your Mind, and it makes Me miserable. Suffer Me to tell You the real Truth. I can explain every Thing to your Satisfaction.

Mrs. Oak. May be so——I cannot argue with You.

Char. Pray, Madam, hear Her——for my Sake——for your own——Dear Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Well——well——proceed.

Oak. I shall relapse, I can't bear to } *Apart.*
see Her so uneasy.

Maj. Hush!——Hush!

Har.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 107

Har. I understand, Madam, that your first Alarm was occasioned by a Letter from my Father to your Nephew.

Ruf. I was in a bloody Passion to be sure, Madam!—The Letter was not over-civil I believe—I did not know but the young Rogue had ruined my Girl.—But it's all over now, and so——

Mrs. Oak. You was here Yesterday, Sir!

Ruf. Yes, I came after *Harriot*. I thought I shou'd find my young Madam with my young Sir, here.

Mrs. Oak. With *Charles*, did You say? Sir.

Ruf. Ay, with *Charles*, Madam! The young Rogue has been fond of Her a long Time, and She of Him, it seems.

Mrs. Oak. I fear I have been to blame. [*Aside.*

Ruf. I ask Pardon, Madam, for the Disturbance I made in your House.

Har. And the abrupt Manner, in which I came into it, demands a thousand Apologies. But the Occasion must be my Excuse.

Mrs. Oak. How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*]——But did not I overhear You and Mr. *Oakly*—[*To Harriot.*

Har. Dear Madam! You had but a partial Hearing of our Conversation. It related entirely to this Gentleman.

Char. To put it beyond Doubt, Madam, Mr. *Russet* and my Guardian have consented to our Marriage; and We are in Hopes that You will not withhold your Approbation.

Mrs. Oak. I have no further Doubt—I see You are innocent, and it was cruel to suspect You——

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You have taken a load of Anguish off my Mind—
And yet your kind Interposition comes too late.
Mr. Oakly's Love for Me is entirely destroyed.

[Weeping.

Oak. I must go to Her——

Maj. Not yet!——Not yet!

} Apart.

Har. Do not disturb Yourself with such Apprehensions. I am sure Mr. Oakly loves You most affectionately.

Oak. I can hold no longer. [Going to Her.] My Affection for You, Madam, is as warm as ever, Nothing can ever extinguish it. My constrained Behaviour cut me to the Soul—For within these few Hours it has been all constrained—and it was with the utmost Difficulty that I was able to support it.

Mrs. Oak. O, Mr. Oakly, how have I exposed Myself! What low Arts has my Jealousy induced Me to practice! I see my Folly, and fear that You can never forgive Me.

Oak. Forgive You!——You are too good, my Love!——Forgive You!——Can You forgive Me?——This Change transports Me.——Brother! Mr. Ruffet! Charles! Harriot! give Me Joy!——I am the happiest Man in the World.

Maj. Joy, much Joy to you both! though, by-the-bye, You are not a little obliged to Me for it. Did not I tell You I wou'd cure all the Disorders in your Family? I beg Pardon, Sister, for taking the Liberty to prescribe for You. My Medicines have been somewhat rough, I believe, but they have had an admirable Effect, and so don't be angry with your Physician.

Mrs. Oak. I am indeed obliged to You, and I feel——

Oak. Nay, my Dear, no more of this. All that's past must be utterly forgotten.

Mrs.

The JEALOUS WIFE. 109

Mrs. Oak. I have not merited this Kindness, but it shall hereafter be my Study to deserve it. Away with all idle Jealousies! and since my Suspicions have hitherto been groundless, I am resolved for the Future never to suspect at all.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPI

EPILOGUE;

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

Ladies! I've had a Squabble with the Poet—
About his Characters—and You shall know it.
Young Man, said I, restrain your saucy Satire!
My Part's ridiculous—false—out of Nature.
Fine Draughts indeed of Ladies! sure You hate 'em!
Why, Sir!—My Part is Scandalum Magnatum.

Lord, Ma'am, said He, to copy Life my Trade is,
And Poets ever have made free with Ladies:
One Simon—the Duce take such Names as these!—
A hard Greek Name—O—ay—Simonides—
He shew'd,——our Freaks, this Whim and that Desire,
Rose first from Earth, Sea, Air, nay, some from Fire;
Or that we owe our Persons, Minds, and Features
To Birds, forsooth, and filthy four legg'd Creatures.

The Dame, of Manners various, Temper fickle,
Now all for Pleasure, now the Conventicle!
Who Prays, then Raves, now Calm, now all Commotion,
Rises, another Venus, from the Ocean.

Constant at ev'ry Sale, the Curious Fair,
Who longs for Dresden, and old China Ware;
Who doats on Pagods, and gives up vile Man
For middle-noddle Figures from Japan;
Critick in Fars and Josses, shews her Birth
Drawn, like the brittle Ware itself, from Earth.

The flaunting She, so stately, rich, and vain,
Who gains her Conquests by her Length of Train;
While all her Vanity is under Sail,

Sweeps, a proud Peacock, with a gaudy Tail.

Husband and Wife, with Sweets! and Dears! and
Loves!

What are They, but a Pair of cooing Doves?

But

E P I L O G U E.

*But seiz'd with Spleen, Fits, Humours, and all that,
Your Dove and Turtle turn to Dog and Cat.*

*The Gossip, Prude, Old Maid, Coquette, and Trapes,
Are Parrots, Foxes, Magpies, Wasps, and Apes :
But She, with ev'ry Charm of Form and Mind,
Oh! She's—sweet Soul!—the Phœnix of her Kind.
The Phoenix of her Kind!—upon my Word*

He's a sly Wretch—pray?——is there such a Bird?

*This his Apology!—'Tis rank Abuse—
A fresh Affront, instead of an Excuse!*

His own Sex rather such Description suits :

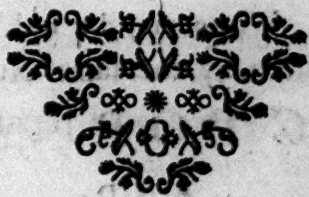
Why dont He draw their Characters—The Brutes!

Ay, let Him paint those ugly Monsters, Men!—

Mean time—Mend We our Lives—He'll mend his Pen.



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